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SPEAIGHT.

H.R.H. THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN, WITH HER SECOND SON.

157, New Bond Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Sweden with her Second Son	433-434
Yachting in 1908	434
Country Notes	435
"The Summer Paves," (Illustrated)	437
Motors and the Roads	440
A Book of the Week	441
The Twined and Its Salmon. (Illustrated)	442
The Sandwich Tern. (Illustrated)	444
An Unnumbered Widow	447
In the Garden. (Illustrated)	449
Country Home: Wollerton Hall, Norfolk. (Illustrated)	450
Wild Country Life	460
Literature	461
On the Green. (Illustrated)	462
Seaside Pictures. (Illustrated)	464
Correspondence	467

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YACHTING IN 1908.

THE yachting season of 1908 was in many respects a memorable one, for it marked the general introduction of a new code of rules that promises to revolutionise the sport. The adoption of these rules by all the yachting countries of Europe has paved the way for International racing, and during the past summer a number of foreign-owned vessels competed at our home regattas. The type of craft evolved under the new measurement formula is, moreover, a vast improvement upon the racing yacht of the last decade, for, in addition to being fast and weatherly, she possesses the comfort and habitability of a cruising vessel of like tonnage. Built to the scantling tables and under the supervision of Lloyd's, she is classed for a long term of years, and can be easily converted into a cruiser when her racing days are over. The memory must be carried back a good many years before one can call to mind such a fine fleet of first-class cutters as that which raced round the coast this summer. The vessels themselves are certainly rather smaller than those of Britannia's day, but they are quite large enough to afford their owners the best of sport and require only twenty-two hands to sail them, a feature which makes for economy. Interest in the racing was enhanced by the appearance of Shamrock, which carried Sir Thomas Lipton's colours for the first time in English waters. Designed and built by Fife, the new cutter has proved a brilliant success, and her owner should be well satisfied with his first experience of class racing at home. Shamrock's opponents consisted of White Heather and Brynhild, built in 1907, and Nyria, which headed the class in 1906. With a year's experience of the measurement formula to work upon, it was generally expected that in Shamrock Mr. Fife would produce a faster vessel than his 1907 success, White Heather, and the latter therefore had some alterations effected with a view to increasing her speed. But the alteration in trim did not seem to suit the yacht, and it is doubtful whether she has sailed so well this year as during her first season. The Nicholson-designed Brynhild, however, was quite metamorphosed by judicious modification, and in the hands of a new skipper secured a goodly string of winning flags. Nyria, as a yacht built under the old rule, received an allowance of 7sec. a mile, which later in the season was increased to 8sec. Despite this concession, Mr. Young's yacht fared badly, and had she not on occasion been materially assisted

by luck, it is doubtful if she would have won a single race. Shamrock was at her best in light and moderate breezes, under which conditions she was without question the speediest of the quartette. In heavy weather, however, when jackyarders could not be carried, she was not the equal of Brynhild and certainly no faster than White Heather.

The racing of the 15-mètre yachts was quite up to the high standard of excellence established by their predecessors, the 52-footers. The only addition to the fleet that raced last year was Mr. A. K. Stothert's Mariska, which took shape at Fairlie from the design of Mr. Fife. The new cutter was of very similar type to Shamrock, and, carrying some 400 square feet more canvas than her rivals, proved almost invincible in dead light weather. As she is also an able vessel in strong winds, Mariska achieved a capital record, and wound up the season at the head of the class. Although robbed of the championship which she had held for two years, Britomart's performance stands out as a remarkable one for a vessel in her fourth season, and her owner should be proud of the splendid fight the yacht has made with the new cutter in the struggle for supremacy in the year's record. Mr. Burton, who always acts as his own sailing-master, has handled the vessel with great skill and judgment, and not a little of her success must be attributed to his clever helmsmanship. Ma'ona and Shimna, which appeared under new ownership this year, have not competed in very many matches, as neither went North for the Scottish regattas, but both have performed creditably. Lucida and Maymon also tried their luck in the class, but speedily retired to the ranks of the handicap fleet. Maymon seemed quite outclassed, but Lucida sailed well enough to make one regret that she did not continue to race with the "thorough-breds" throughout the season.

The A Class for schooners, yawls and ketches exceeding 23-metres rating brought together a splendid fleet of big yachts which competed under the time scale of the International Yacht Racing Union. The vessels were for the most part large schooners, many of which sailed under the German ensign. Comprising such notable craft as Meteor, Cicely, Germania, Adela, Susanne, Cetonia and Clara, this fleet of schooners was perhaps the finest ever seen in English waters. The reappearance of Cicely, which had not been commissioned since 1903, was particularly welcome, and with an enlarged sail area the famous Fife-designed schooner did very well. Starting in sixteen A Class matches, she won six first and six second prizes, in addition to defeating Germania in a private race round the Isle of Wight. Susanne was, however, the most successful of the schooner fleet, winning eleven first and two other prizes in fifteen races. Germania, the first large racing yacht built in Germany, made a highly-successful debut in British waters, winning the Kaiser's Cup in record time. With a strong, reaching wind she averaged over 13 knots during that particular match, and lowered the record for the Old Queen's Cup course, held by Meteor, by over a quarter of an hour. Meteor now seems a little outclassed, and the German Emperor, it is said, will replace her next season by a new schooner designed and built in Germany. One of the best classes of the year was that for yachts of 12-metres rating on the Clyde, which comprised five particularly smart little yachts. Of these Alachie, Hera, Mouchette and Nargie made their first appearance this summer, while Heather-bell had held the championship of the class in 1907. The restricted 30-footers on the Clyde have again provided capital sport, the class being strengthened this year by the appearance of two new boats. Of these, Corrie was designed by Fife for Mr. W. A. Collins, and Sunbeam by Mylne for Mr. G. P. Collins. Both of these boats have done well, particularly the former, which heads the class. Corrie is at her best in light breezes, and during the Clyde Fortnight established what must be almost a record by winning every race. Class racing on the Solent has been almost entirely confined to the 7-mètre class, which comprised two yachts of that rating and half-a-dozen 24-footers. The 7-mètre craft were at first set to concede the older boats 4sec. per mile, but as that proved beyond their capabilities, the allowance was abolished and all subsequently raced on even terms. Captain Sloane Stanley's Mignonne proved the most successful boat of the season, her nearest attendant in the record being Captain Dixon's Jasmine.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Sweden with her second son. Her Royal Highness is the eldest daughter of T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and her marriage to H.R.H. Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden took place in 1905.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens, or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.

COUNTRY NOTES



NOTHING could be more fitting than that the Scottish memorial to Queen Victoria should take the form of a school for the sons of Scottish soldiers and sailors. It is just such an institution as the late Queen herself, had she been living, would have delighted to support, and carries out a great many of those noble intentions which dignified both her life and her reign. King Edward, in a reply which is a model of that kind of oratory, said to the scholars that, as their father served the State, so "I pray that the children may grow up in this building to be useful in their station and calling"; and he further took the opportunity of once more doing honour to the men who had fallen in the South African War. The ceremony was a very important one to have taken place in the little town—we had almost said village—of Dunblane, a name, by the by, enshrined alike in history and literature; but the sons of Scottish soldiers and sailors could not possibly have better surroundings than those which enclose the little town. Here are health and space and mountain scenery to invigorate their physical being, without which the work of the scholars would be in vain.

Mr. Haldane has made a very practical proposal for lessening the evil of unemployment during the coming winter. It is contained in his offer to engage 17,000 able-bodied young men to undergo six months' military training. Already some of the Labour agitators are crying out that this is almost like conscription; but if men are unable to find any other work to do, it is difficult to see any reason why they should not be compelled, if necessary, to serve in the Army. The idea of compulsion has been accepted in many different Acts of Parliament, and when it comes to be a difference between keeping a man in idleness and making him do something to protect the country, it would be idle to give too sentimental a consideration to the word compulsion. A more practical question is whether in the ranks of the unemployed sufficient young men can be found for the purpose. The returns made from the Board of Trade do not give particulars about the persons out of employment; and, in fact, as these returns are made up by the officials of the Trade Unions, it is safe to assume that the fit and the unfit are all included in one category. It would be of the very greatest value to know the proportion of able-bodied in the ranks of the unemployed. An enquiry into this point would probably have the effect of sifting the deserving from the undeserving.

From the report of the second reading of the Compulsory Service Bill before the Australian House of Representatives, it would appear that our great Southern Colony realises to the full how necessary it is to take measures for self-defence. The plan as explained by Mr. Ewing is, roughly speaking, that all the male inhabitants of Australia who have resided there for six months are to be considered British subjects, and are liable to be trained from the age of 12 to 18 as cadets, and from 18 to 26 in the defence force. The training suggested would not seriously interfere with the pursuit of any ordinary calling; for cadets would only be required to attend fifty-two times in the year for an hour each time, and surely an hour a week is not much to subtract either from business or pleasure. They have also to give four whole days' attendance, but as this would probably take the form of camping out, it might almost be

treated as a holiday. For the defence force, the service will extend to eighteen days' attendance during the first three and to seven in the last five years.

We have received from the Norfolk County Council the first report of the Small Holdings and Allotments Committee. It is a very instructive document. The demand for small holdings was extremely large in Norfolk, the original applicants numbering no fewer than 1,591, and their wishes extending to 22,760 acres. But as a result of enquiries held in the county these figures were greatly diminished—the demand was whittled down to 9,081 acres for 758 persons. In the report it is stated that the applicants generally were of the most satisfactory character, though in a few cases lack of capital or experience resulted in the application being either refused or recommended for a smaller acreage than that first applied for. The committee have hired 1,000 acres of land, of which one-half will be ready for occupation at Michaelmas and half at Michaelmas, 1909. They are in treaty for the acquisition of more land, and say they have every anticipation of being in possession of a largely-increased acreage by this time next year. In two cases applications have been made for compulsory hiring powers; but, as a rule, landowners have been found very ready to assist the council in obtaining land. A most interesting point is the price which the county council have paid for the land purchased by them. They have bought 742 acres outright, and the price, roughly speaking, has been about £35 an acre. This will generally be considered moderate. At Methwold and one or two of the other places at which purchases have been effected, land was sold during the depression for £10 an acre, and even less; but, on the other hand, good land cannot be called dear at £35 an acre.

THE FOREST.

I listen, no sound fills the air
Of the pine forest perfumed and fair,
Long leagues of deep twilight lie round,
Long leagues of sweet silence, no sound.
Till a jay wakes and cries, and the wind
Awakens and leaves far behind
O'er the perfume and gloom of the trees
A sigh like the sigh of the seas.
The wind dies away and away,
And the silence resumes her lost sway,
Till over the forest again
Comes the rush of the wind, and the rain
Of the cones, and most faint and forlorn
The note of a far-distant horn
Makes ghostly the twilight so deep
With the forms and the phantoms of sleep
That is all that the pine forests say,
Though ye listen at noontide for ay
Ye shall hear nothing more save the fall
Of the red fox's foot, or the call
Of some horn that a ranger does wind,
And on earth or in air ye shall find
No sounds that are better than these;
Or filled with such sweetness and peace.

Hart.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE.

English shorthorn-breeders have been expecting for some time past that the very large foreign demand, especially that of the Argentine, would not last much longer, except for the very best animals, so that the small demand for shorthorns for exportation during the present season has occasioned no surprise among breeders. There are now many fine herds of pedigree shorthorns in the Argentine Republic, and quite as good bulls are bred there as in this country. A very large number of Argentine-bred bulls are now sold annually at the Rural Society's Show, held in the month of September at Palermo, Buenos Ayres. A cable has just been received by Mr. Casares, stating that the champion shorthorn bull at the recent Palermo Show has been sold for the large sum of £3,000. This price for an Argentine-bred bull shows clearly what a high opinion the estancieros have of their own home-bred bulls. A very good judge's experience of the South American breeders is that they are very good judges of shorthorns—they will have the best; and although there is a cessation in the South American export trade, we shall always have a demand for some of the best bulls and females from the Argentine breeders, as they must have an infusion of fresh blood from time to time to maintain the high standard which they have set up in their herds.

Those engaged in the cultivation of the soil will watch with special interest the result of the experiments being carried on with open-air grapes at Wisley. At one time the vineyard was a very ordinary adjunct to the English manor, and even at

this moment there are many districts where grapes are successfully grown out of doors. As an example one might cite the little village of Eynsford, where nearly every cottage has its vines growing round the window. But even outside the "Garden of England"—in Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire, for example—it is by no means unusual to see vines growing outside. Usually they are trained up a wall with a southern exposure. The reason why the cultivation has not been persisted in, probably, is not the failure of the vines to grow, but that, as far as outside cultivation is concerned, those countries which have a bounteous supply of sunshine can produce a better quality. In olden days, when the vine—as may be gathered from the survival of such names as Vine Street—was cultivated in many gardens for wine, the quality of that beverage was probably not up to the standard which we exact now; hence people were content with an inferior grape.

The suggestion made by Professor H. H. Turner, that lamp-posts might be utilised as means for directing the way in London, has received the support of Mr. Mark Judge, and is in every respect excellent. There are times of darkness and fog when even those who have known London all their lives find it difficult to make their way from one place to another, and at such times the names on the streets themselves are undecipherable. Therefore, the use of the lamp-post for this purpose is a brilliant idea. One of our correspondents, commenting on the letter, makes the pointed and truthful remark that almost every lamp-post in England seems a monument of ugliness excepting those on the Embankment and a few others. When electric light was introduced, it might have been expected that this state of things would have been bettered; but the standards set up are, as a rule, extremely ugly, as we have had occasion to show in these columns before. If it is impossible to introduce beauty into their outlines, we might, at least, make them more useful.

With the advent of October came a very welcome change at the Post Office. Letters weighing an ounce and under can now be sent to the United States for 1d.—the rate being a substitute for the old one of 2½d. for the first ounce and 1½d. for every succeeding ounce. One of the virtues of this change is that the effect is most likely to be felt among the poorest population in Ireland, many of whom have near friends and relatives who have migrated to the United States, and with whom communication was difficult at the old rate. The movement has been hailed as a step towards a universal penny postage throughout the world. Already this has made considerable progress, although our own Colonies do not in every case respond to the efforts we make on their behalf. Australia, for instance, receives and distributes letters when they are sent with a 1d. stamp, but charges for outgoing letters the 2½d. common to Continental countries. No doubt it will take some time for the correspondence to grow to dimensions that will render 1d. postage profitable, and as the Postmaster-General is a ready handicapped by one or two losing items in his expenditure, he is naturally reluctant to face the risk that would be involved by the establishment of a 1d. post to every part of the world. The day of that consummation will come, but apparently is still a long way off.

It will pay the traveller in October to give his days and nights to the study of the railway time-table. During the summer-time there has been much conferring among the high officials of the various companies, with the result that the time-tables are changed more than is usual this year; and of all things in the world, perhaps the most annoying is to go to a railway station confiding in the trusty train that has carried one a hundred times, only to find on arrival that it has been struck off. Yet the railway companies are not to be blamed for the changes that they have made. Indeed, the duplication of the service has frequently been commented upon in these columns as a wasteful and by no means convenient arrangement. The times, too, are such as to make the companies watchful. New rivals have appeared on the field and taken a proportion of their customers. Railway companies are not conducted as benevolent institutions; they are commercial enterprises that would cease altogether if they did not continue to attract the capital required to work them. Therefore, although someone must suffer in the process, there is no real cause for grumbling at the steps they are taking to secure the more economical working of the lines. The more intelligent of the men must themselves recognise that the prosperity of the companies is essential to the welfare of the staff.

Those interested in our highways—and who is not?—will do well to read, mark and carefully digest the important article contributed to our columns by Mr. Maybury, the County Surveyor of Kent. On this subject Mr. Maybury's words carry as much weight as, if not more than, those of any other

writer in Great Britain, and his paper and those that will follow it should present a full discussion and summing-up of the problem that has to be solved. It is not our intention at present to advance any opinion upon the measures which Mr. Maybury advocates; but his suggestions and ideas deserve, and, no doubt, will receive, the most careful consideration.

We are glad to be able to announce that the Old White Horse is now receiving that careful rubbing up which he so urgently needed, as Mr. Christopher Hughes explained in the original letter published in our columns. Lord Craven is, we understand, having the work done on his own initiative. It is his property, and we are glad to learn that he is taking so much care of one of the oldest and most curious monuments of the past that exist in this country. It is true that the task is not being performed with that jubilation and general merry-making of the country-side which the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" would have liked to see; but times have changed since Tom's days, and the country people take their pleasure in a manner very different from that of their forefathers. The very best thing that could have happened, therefore, is that the Earl of Craven should see that this wonderful steed receives the grooming that is needed. If his outlines were ever allowed to be obliterated by the invasion of grass and other herbage, a beautiful landmark would be lost to the country-side, to say the least of it.

THE DREAMER.

In dreams I walk an hour
By silent ways,
Where grows a silver flower
In the moon's rays,
Where pale dream maidens pass
Waving their hands,
Bending as bends the grass
On wind-swept lands.

There is no voice, no song,
No love nor prayer,
And all the dim day long
No grief comes there;
Only forgotten things
Wait for a while,
Young hopes on rainbow wings
Wait there and smile.

Oh wondrous sleeping land
And silent streams!
Fold me on either hand
In mists of dreams,
Let me no more depart
To darker years,
Keep thou the dreamer's heart
Lest he know tears.

MABEL LEIGH.

In the farming section of this week's number, it will be seen that a well-known agriculturist discusses the demands of the butchers that they should have a warranty with the cattle that they buy. Since his remarks were written a new turn has been given to the controversy. It is now proposed that the butchers should pay a small sum, 1s. per beast, or something like that, in order that the seller may insure himself against loss in case the animal is found to be diseased. We doubt if the expedient is a good one. The extra 1s., or whatever it is, would ultimately be calculated as part of the price paid. Our correspondent's argument is unanswerable. The margin between the price paid by the butcher to the farmer and that which he receives from the public is large enough to cover the occasional loss caused by the discovery of tuberculosis. Indeed, it is comparatively seldom that the inspector descends on the butcher on account of this malady. On the other hand, those who live in glass houses should not throw stones, and until the butchers can satisfy the public that when they pretend to sell English meat they actually do so, it is not safe for them to say much on the subject of warranties.

A good deal of correspondence has been passing between the Chairman of the Fishery Board for Scotland and one of the leading fish-curers about the possible effect on the herrings of the big-gun firing from the ships on the East Coast of Scotland. The idea sounds rather fantastic when first suggested, but may have some reason in it, nevertheless. Even so long as thirty years ago, when the present writer happened to be with the Channel Squadron in Vigo Harbour, the ships were obliged by the Spanish law to go out into the open sea for torpedo practice, extensive as Vigo Bay is, for fear of injury to the sardines from the explosions. Probably the concussion

caused by a submarine torpedo is much more serious and widespread than that of a shot or shell falling on the water; but when one sees the effect on a fair-sized pike of a bullet striking the water within an inch or two of him, one can perhaps argue out some idea of the probable effect of a shell falling into a lerring shoal. It is not so much that the shot would actually stun or kill a fish or two that matters, but that its probable result would be to break up the shoal and perhaps make it go down into depths where the nets cannot reach it. That seems to be the fear of the fishermen.

The rains and the consequent spates have been a little too generous for the best fortunes of the salmon angler on the Scottish rivers; but there seems no doubt at all that an immense number of fish, all running late this year, have been taking advantage of them and ascending the rivers. As a rule, these late-running fish are heavy and do not ascend to the higher spawning-beds; but there has been such a rush of water this autumn that they may be encouraged to make more than the normal effort. The worst feature of the year, looked at from the view of the future stock, has been the remarkable absence of grilse. The longer we live and wonder at the ways of fish the

less we are disposed to suggest reasonable explanations for them, and this, at all events, had better be left without any such attempt.

At a recent meeting of the Maidstone Farmers' Club a resolution was passed which may be taken as an indication, in conjunction with others pointing to a like conclusion, that the sense of the country will shortly require of the Board of Agriculture more activity than it shows at present in the way of appointing inspectors and investigators in various districts into the subjects which fall specially under the Board's attention. It is satisfactory to see that the people have the confidence in the Board (and its action has well deserved it) that such resolutions imply. The immediate occasion of this particular resolution, namely, the disastrous spread of the American gooseberry mildew in Kent, was gloomy enough, one farmer stating that he had been obliged to destroy 45,000 trees. The resolution regretted the inaction of the Board at an earlier stage in the introduction of the disease, and urged on the Government the necessity of the formation of a special Department to deal with fruit culture on the lines laid down by the Departmental Committee of 1905.

"THE SUMMER PASSES."

HENLEY'S song of the passing of the summer has not been true of the summer that is passing at this moment—the summer of 1908:

Stately and splendid,
The summer passes:
Sad with satiety,
Sick with fulfilment;
Spent and consumed,
But august to the end.

"Nothing could be further from the case," as Anastasia remarked

with some bitterness. There has been so far nothing of the wonderful processional that song celebrates, in its glory of gold and silence; there have been no long hours of mist and light on reddening hillsides and purple headlands; there has been no day from dawn to sunset full of the peace of a magnificent acquiescence, as if all the gates of the earth were set wide open for a slow and stately exit through kneeling and silent hosts, such as witnessed the passing of the body of Queen Eleanor on a way subsequently to be marked by fair and noble crosses, the memorials of a husband's love. Henley's summer passed thus—



St. Arbuthnot

PEACE

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"august to the end." Last summer passed thus—through a splendid and calm September. But this summer has passed otherwise. It has been more like a procession that has broken its ranks and run, through shouts and accidents, with torn banners and agitated plumes, only to be dispersed at last. It came in with blizzards and disasters, and it has gone out with gales and wrecks. Anastasia, who is often greatly embittered with the poets which I insist on reading to her at what I consider to be fitting times and seasons, took the force of this description of a summer's glorious passing as a personal insult; and as she was at the moment sitting superintending, in the deepest gloom, the drying of her entire wardrobe at the kitchen fire, it is, perhaps, not so much to be wondered at. She said she was "sick," too—but not with fulfilment. Outside the house the wind howled and roared; the boom of the surf on the shore below us rose through the gusts, incessant and monotonous; against our windows the rain lashed and hissed. I read to Anastasia:

By wilting hedgerows,
And white-hot highways,
Bearing its memories
Even as a burden,
The tired heart plods
For a place of rest.

Anastasia out a great deal. She does her bird's-nesting from a book, it being her opinion that if you get the best book on a subject you cannot go far wrong. But the birds themselves went wrong this spring, and Anastasia rushed after them with the book in one hand and a ladder in the other—entirely in vain. They never were where the book said they invariably would be. The birds were far less perturbed over it than was Anastasia. The missel-thrush, for instance, accepted the situation with quite the indifference and affability you would expect from the easy cheerfulness of his song. Perceiving that it would not be the least use putting any confidence in Providence, he flew in the face of the Psalmist, as it were, and put his confidence in man. Since such inadequate shelter was provided for his nest, he decided to build it entirely without, and arranged a substantial and homely accommodation for the family he desired, in the angle formed by the middle ledge against the gatepost of a high board fence on an edge of the garden.

This fence, all the rest of its length, runs through bushes and trees, and not an inch along its ledges but would have been better hidden from view than the spot he chose. But the missel-thrush was building this year not under the protection of trees, but under the protection of man; not in the shelter of boughs, but in the shelter of confidence; thus turning, like a brave heart, his lack of protection into his protection. Contrary to the Psalmist's



C. E. Haines.

A LOWERING DAWN.

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And Anastasia turned a steaming skirt as one turns a roasting fowl—the third skirt soaked that day while racing a squall for a place of shelter. Plodding for a place of rest hardly describes our bursts from and to the house this autumn; and though Anastasia and I have many memorable memories of the year, we have not exactly borne them through white-hot highways. "Nothing," as Anastasia herself would say, "could be further from the case."

From the beginning it has been a strange and uncertain season. The birds, for instance, must have as odd recollections of it as we, for they were put to strange shifts for nesting-places this year. So late was the breaking of the foliage in our garden that hardly one of their usual building sites was available—for sheer lack of a roof. The roof-tree was there, but it was a bare one; and a roof-tree without a roof is no more use to a bird than to a man. They took to all kinds of new places for lack of the old; and, so far as our garden was concerned, the position in which you were certain such and such a bird would build, was exactly the position in which he did not. This put

predictions, he was entirely justified of his faith. He brought up his six excitable children earlier than any other bird in the garden; and though his gate was the whole world's road to the church and the station, and his nest in the whole world's view, not a soul touched it or his eggs; and his wife sat unmoved while the slamming of the door every time anyone burst through it to catch a train or be late for a service shook her seven hopes like an earthquake beneath her, and sent luts dropping on her head. The same state of things brought the nightingale, a belated, hidden and unwilling sojourner, into the southern copse of our garden this year, driven there by the leaflessness of the copse on the hillside in which he usually builds. No one looked for his nest, because he was there incognito, so to speak, like a mourning Royalty, or a nervous genius, and it would have been indelicate to recognise or acclaim him. But, at night, when everything else was quiet, his voice began from the line of trees across the lawn with that extraordinary effect of an ejaculation—a sudden expression, short and subdued, as of a sorrow beyond bearing welling up in

his heart again after the enforced forgetfulness of the day. It is no false or fanciful sentiment that has made the nightingale the singer of sorrow to countless generations; but why it should be so is, as I pointed out to Anastasia, a bewildering and wonderful thing.

Why, said I to Anastasia, is there so great a difference between the song of the thrush, for instance, and the song of the

exquisite notes; and the other, in his close shelter, sound the voice of a thought too great for expression, the voice of a sorrow that must well over into broken phrases or break the heart that holds it?

The nightingale begins as if he were thinking—in a few low first notes across the lawn; the thrush volleys down the wind from the highest point he can reach, visible to all, as if he



H. G. Grainger.

THE POET'S SUMMER EVE.

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nightingale? Why should these two soulless creatures, both evolved "by chance" from protoplasm in a formless void, sing, the one of them like a choir-boy on a poplar spire, chanting, as does a choir-boy, because he enjoys it, indifferent to the triumph of his music, carelessly conscious of his own

neither thought nor cared for anything. The nightingale's song is an uncontrollable overflow—the thrush's a rapturous shout. The thrush gives his voice out to the skies like the best of companions, sure of himself and his music; the nightingale sings as if he sang for the same reason that men sing—because they are

alone and in the dark. Why, said I to Anastasia, has there been this great difference in the development of the characteristics of two soulless birds? Surely, said I, that it should merely have *happened* is to the full as extraordinary an explanation as that it was *done*? Anastasia replied that she herself, of course, had never seen a choir-boy singing on the top of a poplar, but she quite understood what I meant, and she well remembered throwing her boots all night long at the nightingales in Baveno because she could not sleep for the row they made. But the thrush and the nightingale have alike long been silent—

the good fortune in "the days of his youth" to be a very humble member of the engineering staff on one of our big railways, and therefore can speak from personal knowledge. Before the management of a railway decides to increase the weight and speed of a train, the chief engineer of the line is consulted as to the strength and sufficiency of the permanent way, the radius of curves, super-elevation thereon, and so on, and ample time is given and money voted for the necessary improvement of the "way" to be effected, before such train is allowed to run. Precisely the same conditions apply to the running of motor-cars



R. G. Lyman

A BREAK IN THE STORM.

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the leaves are falling in the garden at home. The things that happened in it are memories only—the summer is passed:

The time of the silence
Of birds is upon us;
Rust in the chestnut leaf,
Dust in the stubble;
The turn of the year—
And the change to decay.

E. E. RYND.

MOTORS & THE ROADS.

THERE are few subjects which have more forcibly thrust themselves upon the attention of the general public than the effect upon our roads of that great expansion of self-propelled traffic which was rendered possible by the Act of 1896, and the subsequent Act and Order of 1903 and 1904 respectively. We may look back in vain into history for anything resembling so vast a change. For days prior to 1903 no data are available showing how many cars were actually in use. On December 31st, 1904, from the statistics of the Local Government Board, there were 24,201 motor-cars registered and 27,348 motor-cycles, a total of 51,549. On the corresponding date in 1907—just three years later—the figures were: Motor-cars, 67,898; motor-cycles, 56,075; total, 123,973, showing an increase at the rate of 45 per cent. per annum. This enormous high-speed traffic was put upon the roads like "a bolt from the blue," no period of preparation having been given to those responsible for their maintenance, nor were the authorities consulted by the Legislature as to how far the roads might reasonably be expected to support such traffic. Is it, therefore, to be wondered at that the roads generally were found unsuitable? The writer thinks not. The greatest surprise to the person who troubles to think at all is that the authorities have been able to keep the highways tolerably safe for traffic. Parliament, by a stroke of the legislative pen, suddenly turned loose upon our highways so many express trains, plus a good number of self-propelled commercial motors and locomotives, or slow-going goods trains. Yet what a difference in procedure between our policy of muddling through and that of a well-managed railway. The writer had

upon our roads. Weight and speed are synonymous terms. A big covered touring car, weighing loaded, say, 45cwt., fitted with steel-studded bands and travelling at thirty-five miles an hour, will do more damage than ten cars of some 15cwt. each fitted with smooth rubber tires and travelling at fifteen miles an hour! The large car travelling at the higher rate of speed will also be a much greater factor in the raising of dust than the ten slow-going ones. Complaint is made by the motorist that the road authorities are apathetic, and are doing little or nothing to improve the roads and to minimise the dust nuisance. This may be true in a few isolated counties, but it is a great libel upon the majority. It will be conceded, I suppose, that the new traffic is greatest in the counties contiguous to the metropolis. Compared with the year ended 1901, the increase in cost in seven of these counties in 1907 was as follows:

Berks ...	63 60 per cent.	Hants ...	60 per cent.
Bucks ...	27 25	Herts ...	35
East Sussex ...	49 '68	Surrey ...	77
Essex ...	22		

In money, the actual excess expenditure in these counties was £114,372, nearly the whole of which sum had to be provided by the already heavily-rated local resident. Not only does the local ratepayer have to pay an increasing amount so that the motorist shall have better roads, but he also sees his property adjacent to these roads depreciated owing to the dust raised by the cars. The dust nuisance is by far the greatest cause of the disfavour with which at this moment the motorist is viewed by the general public. It is by no means a new subject or grievance. A Lancashire paper, quite recently dealing with this subject, set out an extract from its issue in the early part of last century, which might have applied to the present day, save that the stage-coach was the object of invective. The complaints then made were, that the coaches made the roads unsafe, that they raised dust, deteriorating the value of property, of reckless driving and excessive speed. A great deal was made of the fact that on more than one occasion the twenty-eight miles from the outskirts of Manchester to the outskirts of Liverpool had been covered by rival coaches in the incredible time of 3½ hr., and a petition to Parliament was gravely advocated. History certainly has a knack of repeating itself, often at long intervals of time, and the foregoing is a concrete example. A good and dustless

road is as much to be desired by the pedestrian, cyclist and driver of horses as it is by the motorist; and that such a road can be constructed and maintained at a reasonable cost is a fact accepted by all practical road engineers. It is essential, however, that additional funds be forthcoming, and the incidence of charge ought to be proportioned more equitably between the already overburdened county ratepayer and the users of the road. From a recent return presented to the County Council, it was shown that in London alone the number of registered motor-vehicles was 30,492, and of licensed drivers, 77,233. Now most of the owners of these 30,000 motor-cars, in addition to having paid registration fees of a sovereign each, pay the Inland Revenue annually for a carriage licence. A considerable proportion of such fees finds its way into the coffers of the London County Council, *via* the Imperial Exchequer contribution account to local taxation. Although these cars are registered and licensed in London, the provincial counties provide and maintain the roads they use. That this is the case has been proved over and over again in the County of Kent, where, out of every hundred cars, sixty-three are registered in London, thirteen in Kent and twenty-four in all the other counties. Why should not the owner of a motor-car be required to register his car and take out his carriage licence in the county in which he resides? Further, why should not the fees derived therefrom be earmarked and handed over to the county authorities to be expended upon road improvement and dust-laying? What possible objection can there be to such a course? It will be suggested that such money would not, in fact, be so expended. Ample safeguards, however, could be provided by the Local Government Board Auditorial Department, who should require a certificate from the County Executive Officers to show precisely what had been expended each year upon widenings, rounding of corners, provision of footways, motor signals and dust-laying work, as distinguished from that of ordinary road maintenance. Road improvements and dust-laying would, under such conditions, make speedy headway, and the lion and the lamb would assuredly lie down together.

A few days ago the Local Government Board issued to local authorities a circular relative to motor-car traffic, emphasising the provisions of the Motor-car Act of 1903, and further urging the necessity for the rounding off of dangerous corners, the cutting of high hedges and trees, and lastly, the laying of dust by the watering of roads. Not one word is said as to whence the funds for these very desirable purposes are to be

derived. No county council has power to improve a dangerous corner without the sanction of the owner of the land. To obtain such power the council would have to promote a private Act of Parliament. Again, the highway authority may only require trees and hedges to be cut and loppe! during certain months in the year, when such trees and hedges are prejudicial to the maintenance of the road, and not when the view is obscured or danger to the public arises therefrom. Fortunately, sweet oil and tact are often sufficient to get an owner of such trees and hedges to lower or remove the same; but the writer has dozens of cases in his own county where a requisition to remove an offending branch or to cut back a hedge is like the proverbial red rag to a bull. The Local Government Board should arm county councils with the necessary statutory powers, so that, failing agreement between the parties upon such matters, a legal tribunal—preferably the circuit county court judge, for reasons of economy and expedition—should be the arbiter. The Board does not tell us how rural roads are to be watered, or whence the necessary supplies are to be obtained. In many populous villages even now, unfortunately, water is by no means so plentiful as to be available for such purposes; and if it were, the writer knows no more unsatisfactory and expensive method of dust-laying. As in the Home Counties the greatest number of cars are upon the roads on Sunday, it follows that road watering, to be effective, must be more or less continuous on that, as well as on weekdays, much to the damage and prejudice of the surface of the roads. The Board is, however, always extremely cautious. Water is not a proprietary article; it is not accused of killing vegetation, or of polluting streams, or of the thousand-and-one other things laid at the door of every other known dust-laying agent. While during the past summer the dust nuisance has been acute in many counties, and has been the subject of strong complaint, Kent has been peculiarly happy in this respect, thanks to an excellent and progressive county council. To keep pace with the requirements of the times, exceptionally large quantities of the best hard macadam have been provided and laid upon the roads, and immediately afterwards these surfaces have been treated with a heated tar compound, which is most effective, both as a preservative and as a dust-layer. The purchase of tar alone has this year cost close upon £5,000, and the writer is extremely optimistic that this is wise and economic expenditure, the advantage of which will be found on the rightside of the financial statement within the next few years.

H. P. MAYBURY,
County Surveyor of Kent.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

It was with a sigh that we reached the holograph copy of "Sunset and Evening Star," which brings to an end the annotated edition of *Tennyson's Poems* (Macmillan, 9 vols.). The issue will probably have an abiding place in the reference library, as it contains so much from the poet's own hand in reference to his work. Naturally, the edition will be compared to the issue of Sir Walter Scott's novels which carries that writer's own notes. The similarity is more than superficial. In reading the delightful Waverley notes, one is not greatly struck with any elucidation of obscurities, because Scott managed to make his narrative so clear that notes of such a kind were unnecessary; but what we do get in them is the gossip of a man of very wide reading and of a singularly mature intellect. It is very much the same with Tennyson's notes. His original reluctance to write them is, no doubt, attributable to his artistic feeling that a really fine poem needs no glossary. It is of the very essence of the art that each poem should be complete and perfect in itself, and it is the mark of an inferior bard that his work requires explanation to make it lucid. But Lord Tennyson was probably the most deeply read man of his time, and he has added a vast number of annotations to the most popular of his poems that cannot fail to interest and form an enduring commentary. His method of work also lent itself to this style of annotation. Like Sir Walter Scott himself, he was much addicted to the use of the notebook, and during his walks abroad and his meditations at home was in the habit of setting down briefly and succinctly a note of the vision or image that had been received by his brain. We are thus, in a sense, taken into the laboratory and shown how the rough material gleaned by his senses was fused and fashioned into the perfect piece of art that left his study. Moreover, looking back on that long and brilliant life, we find a consistency such as is revealed in scarcely any other biography. The very last lines that Tennyson composed were as lovely as anything that left his hand. They have been quoted here before, and need not be repeated; but it is good to know that enshrined in this edition are not only the words, "When the dumb hour clothed with black," but the stately and solemn music composed by Lady Tennyson for her husband's poem. It is one of many items that add a high value to the edition. After all

due admiration, however, has been lavished upon Tennyson as a lyrical poet, it would be shirking a duty not to approach his later volumes in a spirit of frank, though we hope not unkindly, criticism. They contain his plays, and it is to be feared that one of the hallucinations from which Tennyson never recovered was that he had the dramatic faculty. While alive there were many to strengthen this opinion. Sir Henry Irving, who produced several of the plays in the most sumptuous and perfect manner possible, wrote several letters in which he placed him on a very high pedestal indeed. Sir Richard Jebb, one of the most finished scholars of his or of any other time, contributed elaborate criticisms to *The Times* newspaper, which here are reproduced, and a vast number of actors and actresses and literary people overwhelmed Tennyson with praise. Yet there are few critics of to-day who agree with these panegyrics. It is manifest, not only in the plays themselves, but throughout the works of Tennyson, that he had not that particular quality which breathes into drama the breath of life. It was probably in only one or two particulars that he was lacking, for he had many attributes which may be sought for in vain among the successful dramatists of to-day, and chiefly he had that sympathetic understanding of character without which all else is in vain.

The faculty is one very difficult to define. Perhaps among moderns Sir Walter Scott had it in the greatest degree. It was reported of him that he was fond of entering into conversation with all sorts and conditions of men, and that he could speak to each in his own language. To the shepherd he was interested in shepherding, with the forester his mind seemed full of nothing but woodland-lore. Away on one of those Border raids that he delighted in, he was the antiquary and collector; at the Quarter Sessions he was a lawyer and full of the lawyer's subtlety and lore. Tennyson did not, perhaps, possess that faculty of mixing freely with his fellow-men. He seems to have been from early manhood at least, extremely exclusive in his habits, and as fond of solitary walks as Richard Jefferies. Yet he was born in the country, where class mixes with class more freely than in the town, and there is proof positive in his work that he had conversed enough with his neighbours to understand their ideals and habits of thought and modes of speech.

Many of his short poems are in a sense highly dramatic. No one has ever entered into the spirit of an old woman, and reproduced speech more natural to her, than he did in the "Grandmother." Mr. W. E. Henley, who had no overweening admiration of Tennyson, used to say in his vigorous manner that here he was never off the spot. What he meant was that from the first line to the last one feels the aged crone speaking, can, in fact, almost see the shaking of her wrinkled grey old head. So in his "Northern Farmer," his "May Queen" and other poems of a kindred kind, he accomplishes what in Browning's phrase might be called a dramatic idyll. But it is all too studious. In his play of "Becket" he achieved exactly the same thing, and no one can wonder that it delighted the learned. To read it in the closet is to see the perfect precision with which Tennyson had grasped and differentiated the characters of Becket and Henry. He also worked with a fine instinct towards that sanguinary tragedy in Canterbury Cathedral which is the natural culmination of the story; so in a sense he was a great dramatist. Nevertheless, it was a failure, as every other drama he wrote was a failure on the stage. We may find a reason in the fact that all drama is action, or rather the representation of action. The student may by care and meditation arrive at a true understanding of any character presented to him, but he never has been known to set these characters to work, moving, fighting, wrestling, struggling; over them invariably is too much of "the pale cast of thought," and too frequently there is over them also the shadow of the scholar's melancholy, a melancholy not born of the rack on which he has been stretched, but a thing of the spirit begotten amid brooding and solitude. Tennyson was by nature a recluse who never entered into the life of his contemporaries, as, for instance, Sir Walter Scott did, or as we imagine Shakespeare to have done. He was pre-eminently a dreamer, and it is when he writes as a dreamer that he wins the greatest success. Drama, on the contrary, seems to require for its adequate expression something that belongs only to the mind of action. Even in Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" we find that this particular attribute is lacking. As long as the poet is going on with his narrative and its refined descriptions, all is well. He has imagined the story, and in his mind it is evident there is a vision and conception of the personage he is dealing with. We do get to know in one way or another the personal equation of King Arthur, Lancelot, Geraint and the rest of them. In the total result we do not find that fault with a Tennysonian poem, be it epic or lyric, that we do, for example, with the Swinburnian poem, namely, that it is only a shaded monotone. The characters are truly and well imagined; but even when allowance is made for the fact that Tennyson is

translating his epic from the rough and strong early ages of British history to the super-sensitive, super-refined nineteenth century, there still remains the truth that the sudden speeches, and even the sudden actions of the knights, lack that spontaneity with which one with the dramatic faculty would have invested them. If this be so with the epic, it is much more so in the dramas. Nothing could be finer in its way than the manner in which Eleanor is played off against Rosalind; the work is done with a subtlety that Matthew Arnold could not have surpassed, and yet the scenes are not truly dramatic. The clash, when it occurs, exists more in the imagination of the reader or the onlooker than in reality. Something always is lacking when Tennyson endeavours to portray the sudden action of an irascible person, that is of one who acts impulsively without thinking and weighing the consequences of his action. Hence, although there is a great deal of very delightful reading in the Tennysonian plays, it is impossible to conceive of their being set forth on the stage in a manner that would command attention for their own sake. It has to be remembered that when Tennyson brought them out he was at the height of his fame—far and away the greatest literary man of the England of his time—and whatever he said or did arrested the eye and ear of cultivated England. Many went to see his plays out of curiosity, or because it was the fashion; but it is a significant fact that no serious attempt has been made to revive them since his death, and probably there are few competent judges who would advise any such revival. They are not suitable for acting.

But when this has been said, the last word about Tennyson must be one of praise and appreciation. His was one of the stateliest and most splendid figures that walked across life's stage in the intellectually rich Victorian era. It may be alleged that we have changed our literary ideals in some degree since his time. This is true; advance and retreat, change and decay, death and new birth have characterised English literature since the time of Chaucer. It may be that at the moment we are going back to that plain and unembellished writer who was the "well of English undefiled." It would be a long journey from the luxurious rhetoric of Swinburne or the fiery rhetoric of Lord Byron to the style of the famous pilgrimage; but the gulf is not so great between Tennyson and Chaucer. The late laureate perhaps carried polish and refinement to a degree unbearable by the ordinary reader; but there was nothing that was false, nothing that was glittering or meretricious, in his style; he was the great, simple, straightforward man who, for his friend's epitaph, wrote the words: "Here lies Hallam, the historian." Between his mind and that of Chaucer there was more of kinship than of opposition.

THE TWEED AND ITS SALMON.

THE beautiful Tweed has borne for time out of mind the unenviable reputation of being perhaps the worst, or, indeed, it may be said the best, poached river in the three kingdoms. From the higher districts right away to the lower estuary waters the fish are continually harassed at all times, in and out of season. During recent years we have had plenty of glaring instances of really exciting and violent encounters between gangs of salmon marauders and the officers of the law. Along the fresh-water districts the river-side loafer, or poacher, who flourishes more or less abundantly in all Tweedside towns, causes endless anxiety and trouble to the water bailiffs acting under the direction of the Tweed Commissioners. The lower districts, too, are unfortunately infested by organised bands who, on every occasion when opportunity occurs, sweep the river with deadly nets capable of catching an immense number of salmon. Serious encounters between the townspeople of Berwick and the water bailiffs frequently occur; and it is a deplorable fact that, heretofore, owing to the sympathy and encouragement given to the poachers by a certain class of residents in the neighbourhood of the town, who are not actually poachers themselves, the work of the water bailiffs in their endeavour to suppress illegal fishing is considerably hampered, and at times it often becomes quite a dangerous occupation. Happily of late there has been some improvement in this respect, and the movements in the estuary waters of the launch Osprey, which has now completed her tenth year of service, and the work of the water bailiffs have been less interfered with than formerly. Some sympathy may indeed be felt for a poor cotter living in the remote districts of the river, and his offence condoned, for poaching a salmon occasionally (which, so to speak, is lying under his very nose) for the purpose of supplying food for his family, or else with the view of adding a few shillings to his scanty and uncertain income; but the wholesale and cleverly-organised illegal slaughter of salmon in open defiance of all law and order is quite a different matter, and ought not to be tolerated for one moment. Such a state of things is not only debasing to

the river-side population, but simply ruinous to the interests of the salmon fishing industry generally. There can be little doubt that the measures taken by the River Tweed Commissioners to suppress and check the wanton and reckless capture of salmon have been carried on with the sole object of improving the produce of both the upper and lower waters, and with no desire whatever to press harshly on the poorer inhabitants along the river, who appear foolishly to imagine that they have every right to fish when they like, how they like and where they like. An extract from the Tweed report recently issued confirms the conviction that the prosecutions instituted were taken after due consideration of the serious and aggravated circumstances attending the alleged illegal capture of the fish, and not in a haphazard, vindictive manner. The extract referred to alludes to the unjust criticism on the Commissioners to the effect that the administration of the Tweed Acts by that Board has caused widespread discontent: "The best comment on the Commissioners' administration will be found in the appendices to this report, which show that of 337 prosecutions brought to an issue in Court during the last three years the Commissioners have been unsuccessful in two, only six of the 513 persons involved in these cases having been acquitted." Had the prosecutions not been instituted, the Commissioners would have utterly failed in their duty, and the river Tweed would have practically been left to the tender mercy of mischievous freebooters who, if permitted to follow unchecked their own demoralising bent, would without question in due time bring rack and ruin to everyone connected with and interested in the salmon-fishing of the district. Tweed river protection to be carried out effectively involves a vast amount of hard work, the expenditure of a large sum (last year a little over £2,617 was spent in protection) and the employment of an extensive staff of inspectors and water bailiffs. It is reassuring to be told that "illegal fishing in the lower district continues to be moderate in amount, and it is satisfactory that no cases of exceptional gravity occurred." Further, we gather from the Commission's report which has recently been issued that there is no apparent

falling off in the rigorous system which was adopted some years ago, and which gave to the district the credit of being perhaps the best watched in the kingdom. This assertion may appear strange and somewhat contradictory, seeing that it is also maintained that the Tweed is more poached than any other river. Both assertions are, however, correct. The rivers frequented by large numbers of skilful fish marauders

up in some way for the unpreventable loss, from one cause or another, which must inevitably follow after the ova has been deposited on the spawning-beds, and, later on, to a large percentage of the baby fish hatched out, has for some years past engaged the close attention of the Tweed Commissioners. The ova deposited in the hatching-beds last year numbered some 376,000 eggs, and the number of fry



W. Thomas.

"DEEP DEEP DOWN AND FAR WITHIN
TOILS WITH THE ROCKS THE ROARING LINN."

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are certain to present more tempting and remunerative opportunities for successful poaching than waters of lesser note; hence the more need for the employment of constant and competent supervision on the larger and more productive rivers. The artificial cultivation of salmon with a view of increasing the stock of fish along the Tweed by making

hatched out was as many as 355,628, giving the capital average of 94.5. The hatchery is situated at Learmouth, which we are told is not considered a suitable site, and efforts are being made to obtain a more desirable place for carrying on operations. While wishing every success to the Tweedside hatching operations, the results of which cannot fail to be

followed with keen interest by all anxious to secure the better development of the salmon industry, it is difficult from the experience gained on other waters to pin one's faith to the belief that the artificial cultivation of *salmo salar* has permanently, or indeed to any appreciable extent, improved the yield of any salmon-fishery. It has, indeed, been confidently asserted that in Germany and elsewhere the artificial cultivation of salmon has been followed by great improvement in certain fisheries, but on making close enquiry, I, so far, have failed to obtain any trustworthy confirmation that such has been the case. Mr. A. D. Barrington, when Inspector of Fisheries some years ago, touched on the matter in his report, and he emphatically stated that from figures furnished to him he was unable to verify the belief that the artificial cultivation of salmon in Germany had brought about the results claimed. Mr. C. E. Fryer, one of the present Inspectors of English Fisheries, and other officials have arrived at similar conclusions. I should like to quote from a little work published as far back as 1866 by the late Mr. Thomas Ashworth, who may be said to have been the founder of

the celebrated Galway fishery. He then wrote: "Although I was the first to try the experiment of breeding salmon artificially in the United Kingdom, and have continued the system to the present time, yet time and experience have convinced me that the increase in the produce and value has not arisen from the addition of any artificial means of hatching and rearing the young fish, but in consequence of increased care in the general cultivation of the fishings and principally the parent fish, and by providing an ample stock of them to reproduce their species in large quantities over a period of some years." In alluding to the matter I do so solely with the object of cautioning fishery proprietors that they should not build too much on that method as a ready means of increasing the commercial value of their fisheries. It may be argued that salmon cultivation by "artificial means" has made considerable advance, and is far better understood than it was in 1866. No doubt it is; nevertheless, I must be allowed to reiterate the opinion that no reliable evidence is obtainable to prove that the yield of salmon has been substantially, or indeed at all, increased by the institution of fish-rearing establishments.

HENRY FENNELL.

THE SANDWICH TERN.

OF the beautiful and graceful terns or sea-swallows, there are five species that come to the British Islands in spring and summer and stay with us in order to carry through their nesting operations. These, given in the order in which they are generally stated to make their appearance, are the Sandwich tern (end of March), the Common and Arctic terns (latter half of April), the Roseate tern (very end of April) and the Lesser or Little tern (early in May). A sixth species, the Black tern, formerly nested in the fens and marshes of Lincolnshire and Norfolk, but the last eggs on record were taken in the latter county exactly half a century ago, in 1858. Now it is interesting, and flattering to our ornithological pride, to note that of the five species of terns that do actually remain to nest within our islands, two have been "made known to



A GROUP OF NESTS.

science" by British observers. These are the Sandwich tern and the Roseate tern, with the former alone of which this article is concerned. This was first discovered at Sandwich in Kent by "that diligent naturalist, Mr. Boys," who sent examples to Latham in 1784. It is more than probable that the Farne Islands contain the largest, most famous and certainly the most frequently visited and best described colony of Sandwich terns in the British Isles, and

it is to this famous nursery of sea-fowl that most bird-lovers turn their thoughts when the Sandwich tern is mentioned. But the stretch of coast-line on which my observations on the Sandwich tern were made and my photographs obtained is far removed from the vicinity of the Farnes, the opportunity of visiting which has never yet fallen to my lot. It consists of a roughly triangular area



SETTLING DOWN.



YOUNG SANDWICH TERN.

of sandhills enclosed between the open sea on the one side and the estuary of a tidal river on another. On its third side, this triangular area widens gradually out and merges just as gradually into a succeeding area of rough, coarse grass land and dyke-tracked marsh, the home of the peewit, the redshank and the snipe. The sandhills themselves reach their highest points on the seafront, where, too, there is more "character" in the individual hills. As they recede inland they become smaller and less conspicuous. Here and there among these rolling waves and broken masses of sandhills are deep, quiet, rounded recesses, sometimes of large and sometimes of small extent, and, strange to say, these are occasionally covered with a carpet of softest and springiest turf, upon which it is a joy not less than a relief both to look and to tread. In other cases, equally strange to say, the recesses in question consist entirely of banks of pure shingle and gravel—tiny deserts of stones, set in the surrounding desert of sand, yet beloved withal of the secretive oyster-catcher, the "slim" ringed plover and occasionally of the plain witted and plain-dealing Common tern. The whole sandhills area is perhaps a mile across from north to south and nearly the same (at its widest part) from east to west, and it is up and down this area that the colonies of Sandwich terns are scattered. I say "colonies," because the birds, though essentially of gregarious habits, do not choose to nest altogether in one particular spot. Rather they prefer to break themselves up into five or six separate and self-contained sub-colonies, each of which selects a different area on the sandhills as its own little branch of the "ternery." (It is just possible that these separate batches of birds represent the successive contingents that arrive earlier in the season; for certain it is that, while in some of the sub-colonies perhaps half of the eggs may be hatched out, others contain not a single young bird, and the eggs in many cases look quite fresh and newly laid.) And the members of the said sub-colonies have certainly their own original, if erratic, ideas with regard to some points in the domestic and social economy of their species. For while some of them contain only six or eight pairs of nesting birds, others consist of as many as fifty or sixty pairs. While, in some instances, one sub-colony will mark out its nesting-pitch only some forty or fifty yards from a sister colony, another group will be satisfied with nothing less than a distance of half a mile between itself and its nearest neighbouring group. Again, one sub-colony will take possession of the highest wind-swept plateau of all but bare sand right on the front sea-line of hills, while another will select for its nesting site a quiet, sheltered and remote spot inland, on the gently sloping side of a rounded dune, where the rough marram grass grows thick and coarse and long; so much so, indeed, as almost to conceal in its waving grey-green masses

the birds that are seated on their nests. My first two photographs will illustrate some of the points just mentioned. In the first are shown nine nests of the terns on a region of bare sand; and in each case the nest is merely the shallowest of saucer-shaped depressions made in the sand without material or lining of any kind. The differences in the markings of the eggs may be readily seen; but it is worth noting that two of the eggs almost in the centre of the picture are nearly pure white in colour—a type that is not often seen. That this is but a recently-founded colony is evident by the comparatively clean and all but unspattered appearance of the sand all round the nests, for when these have been in occupation for some little time, one soon gets both ocular and olfactory demonstration of the fact, and the latter type of demonstration gives one, even at the first whiff, ample evidence of the fact that fish enters very largely into the daily dietary of the Sandwich tern.

Next I would like to illustrate the points before mentioned in another way, viz., by an extract from my notebook of 1906, the details of which were copied down on the spot as the nests were found. On June 1st of that year I came across two groups of nesting terns. The first included eleven nests, containing fourteen eggs, but not a single young bird. In the second there were sixty-two nests, containing in all ninety-six eggs and young (sixty eggs and thirty-six young birds). On June 4th I came across two other groups of nesting birds, the former of which included fourteen nests containing twenty-two eggs, none of which was hatched out, and the latter seventeen nests with thirty eggs and young (fourteen eggs, sixteen young). Here is a summary of the facts:

	Date (1906).	No. of Nests.	Eggs.	Young.	Total.
Group I.	... June 1	11	14	—	14
Group II.	... June 1	62	60	36	96
Group III.	... June 4	14	22	—	22
Group IV.	... June 4	17	14	16	30
		104	110	52	162

I give also the subjoined analysis to show how many of the nests contained only one egg (or young bird) and how many contained two eggs (or young):

	(a) One each	(b) Two each.
Group I. ...	8	3
Group II. ...	28	34
Group III. ...	6	8
Group IV. ...	4	13
	46	58

In no single instance have I met with the nest of a Sandwich tern containing more than two eggs. As an



"HAVING A GOOD STRETCH."

interesting point for comparison, I may state that a fair proportion of the nests, both of the Common and Lesser terns, contained three eggs, though clutches of two formed the majority in each case. I do not wish it to be inferred that the four groups of birds included in the above summary

were all that were to be found nesting in the sandhill area. As a matter of fact, they were not. But they were all I chanced to come across in my week's wanderings about the sandhills. The young birds are pretty little creatures, clothed in the softest, greyish white down, and at first they seem utterly helpless, as they lie quite prone and prostrate on their sandy bed. They do not seem able even to lift their heads from the ground. There was one point in connection with the young terns that rather puzzled me, and that was as to what became of them after they had left the nest. For the first day or two after they are hatched they appear to be quite unable to move; yet within the next two or three days they seem to disappear from the nest, and in my case, at all events, the most careful and prolonged search failed to discover their hiding-places within any reasonable distance of the nests. I could find young gulls in hiding by the score, but I never once found a young Sandwich tern after it was able to run away from the nest.

Having photographed as large a portion of one of the colonies as was possible under the circumstances, I wished to attempt a smaller group of the terns at closer quarters, and accordingly I moved up a second hiding-place to within a reasonable distance of about half-a-dozen nests placed just round the summit of a little sandhill slope. In my fourth photograph is depicted a very interesting little incident—one, in fact, that only happened on one occasion during the whole of my somewhat prolonged watching and waiting for the Sandwich terns. One of the birds is seen with its beautiful long and pointed wings fully extended, and it looks as though this bird is just alighting on the ground after flight. This is not so; the bird is really "having a stretch." The photograph was taken about the middle of the afternoon, and the attitude of the bird is a most expressive one. The points worthy of special notice are: (1) The sort of general tip-toe attitude in which the bird is caught; (2) the erected neck and head, and the way in which these are thrown backwards as well as upwards; (3) the puffed-out breast; and (4) the extended wings—points and movements in the bird which, substituting arms for wings, all correspond exactly with similar movements in a human being when similarly engaged in stretching. No tern that I have seen alighting after flight "comes to earth" in such an attitude as this. On the

it happened, I was just ready, and the Fates did smile, and so I was enabled to add a stretching tern to the gaping grebe in my little gallery of bird pictures.

Having made my studies on the group of birds, I determined to come to still closer quarters with a single bird and try to secure a fair-sized picture of her on the nest. I therefore moved up my hiding-place (it had been lying on the outskirts of this group about a week before I appeared on the scene at all) to within about 5ft. of the nest, in the hope that a little patient



SETTLING ON HER TWO BEAUTIFUL EGGS.

waiting would secure my object. And so it did, for within about 20min. I was enabled to make the exposure which gave me the fifth picture of my series. I am as pleased with this as with any bird picture I have taken. The tern represented therein alighted some distance back on the summit of the little sandhill, on the slope of which her treasures lay, and after many anxious looks and much very natural hesitation at the disturbing proximity of my rather large hiding contrivance, she stepped quietly down the slope of the dune, until finally, like Bruce's spider, "a bold little run at the very last pinch, put her into the wished-for spot." I fired off my shutter at the photographic moment, and I have just caught her settling down on her two beautiful eggs, and with her whole frontal band of breast feathers extended so as to assist her in enveloping and accommodating these. Let me say, *en passant*, that I know of no birds' eggs more strikingly beautiful than are those of the Sandwich tern.

The ground colour, as a rule, is remarkably fine, clear and light-toned, and therefore admirably adapted for setting off with fullest effect the clear, bold, richly and variously coloured markings which, now in streaks or splashes, now in blotches or masses, or again in a confused intermixture of all these, combine to make the eggs such conspicuously handsome ones. On the outskirts of the group of terns from which photographs were obtained I came across the nest of a gull and the nest of a tern actually within 21in. of each other. Thinking that a photograph which included the two birds would prove rather interesting, I moved out my hiding-place to a suitable distance, and once again laid—or, rather, knelt—myself in wait. Very shortly after I had disappeared from the scene the tern was back at her maternal duties; but the gull, having the bump of curiosity and also that of suspicion more largely developed, was not so easily appeased. Look at her as she stands there in the picture, tall, erect and querulous, saying as plainly as possible that she would really like to know



GULL AND TERN.

contrary, the general attitude then is one of depression rather than of erection, the head and neck being especially bent downwards and forwards, as though to help in giving a backward check to the momentum of the body just at the instant that the feet settle on the ground. This incident is just one of those little unexpected ones that happen once, and once only, in a bird photographer's experience; and thrice happy is he if, when such an incident does occur, he is just ready to take advantage of the opportunity, and the Fates smile on his attempt to do so. As

what lies behind that veil, and asking with equal pertinence whether it is really quite safe for her to sit down comfortably on those eggs. Under the spell of a partially-satisfied curiosity she did at last sit down, and as I had in the meantime reversed my slide, I managed to secure another portrait of gull and tern at rest. In the former photograph, too, is well brought out the fact that, whereas each of the birds in question has a "black head," the black feathers in the tern are only on the top of the head (as a matter of fact, they form a cap or crest, which can be partly

erected), but in the gull the dark feathers extend all round the head—above, below and at the sides. In the tern, too, they are jet black, while in the gull they are really dull dark brown, and this difference also is readily distinguishable in the photographs.

In conclusion, I would like to state, for the satisfaction of bird-lovers generally, that the whole area of which I have been speaking is strictly maintained as a bird sanctuary, offering asylum to all the feathered fraternity that seek it, save, perhaps, the egg-thieving jackdaw or carrion crow and the marauding sparrow-hawk. But, as in the case of the Farnes, the birds over which the *agis* of protection is most widely and most rigidly extended are the Sandwich terns, lest their settlement here also

should be disturbed and their place made desolate. That the tide of extermination which aforetime threatened them has been stemmed and turned, and that protection has surely, if but slowly, had its effect, are shown by the subjoined figures. These were given to me by the keeper who exercises watch and ward over the birds, and were taken from the notebook in which he records the number of eggs seen each year.

Year.	Eggs seen.	Year.	Eggs seen.
1900	120	1904	236
1901	155	1905	257
1902	170	1906	264
1903	197	1907	271

W. BICKERTON.

AN UNENCUMBERED WIDOWER.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

"I do really seem quite providential," said Mrs. Davidge, for the fortieth time. Having read over the letter which she had just written and put it into its envelope, she glanced again at the *Western Chronicle*, which she had folded into a neat slab for more easy reference to the advertisement in question:

Cows and pigs care of, or any place of trust. Widower seeks situation as above. Understands horses; abstainer. William Silence, Chudbury Marshal.

"'Tis a pretty name," said Sarah Davidge, smiling to herself, "a better name than Davidge. 'Tis to be hoped as the man be silent, for I was never one as cared for much talk in the male sect. Doin' is what menfolk's good for—us poor faymales mid want to use our tongues now and again—'tis our only weapon, weak vessels as we be. There! Anybody 'ud think I was fond of usin' my tongue to hear me talkin' to myself same as this; but 'tain't to be wondered at, considerin' the lonesome life I've a-led."

Pushing away the blotter and balancing the letter on her fingers and thumbs, she fell to ruminating in feminine fashion, first on the past—that somewhat gloomy past with an unsatisfactory male figure always looming in the background; her bullying, drunken old father, to begin with; then her spendthrift, gadabout husband; then the cousin who had helped her to run the little inn and farm on the "half-profit" system, a system which, as Mrs. Davidge had speedily discovered, was one which led to somewhat strained family relations. The entering into matrimony of Cousin Thomas brought about a dissolution of partnership with Mrs. Davidge, and since then the good woman had found herself at the mercy of whatever handy-man she happened to employ. She couldn't be in two places at once, and when she was in the bar the farm got neglected; when, on the other hand, she inspected her livestock, Jack or Tom, as the case might be, took the opportunity of gratifying his thirst.

"There's nothing for it but to take a second," reflected Mrs. Davidge; "but the menfolk don't seem in a hurry to come forward, and I don't know as there's anybody hereabouts as I'd fancy so much. Cousin Thomas mid ha' filled the place if he hadn't taken up with that good-for-nothing hussy what never did a real day's work in her life; but there, he'd ha' wanted to be master, an' my notion 'ud be a quiet, peaceable man, as 'll let me be missis."

She laughed as she spoke, rocking herself backwards and forwards in her chair. She had a round, ruddy face, good-humoured in expression, in spite of the squareness of the jaw and a keen look in her bright blue eyes. Her hair, though it was streaked with grey, was very smooth and glossy; her figure was plump, not to say ample; but she was a good-looking woman still, though not far off fifty, and saw no reason whatever why she should not solve the difficulties of her position by taking to herself another mate. If the character of William Silence did not belie his name, he might prove to be the very man she wanted. An abstainer . . . anxious for a place of trust . . . understanding cows, pigs and horses . . . and a widower!

William Silence answered the letter in person, and Mrs. Davidge's first impression was one of disappointment. Such a little, small man, and a good few years younger than herself. He had a thin, insignificant, sallow face, with large dark eyes which were protected by glasses. He was narrow-chested and spindle-legged; but his clothes were most carefully brushed, and his dark hair as sleek as Sarah's own.

"No encumbrances, I suppose?" enquired Sarah.

"Not a single one, Mrs. Davidge," responded Mr. Silence.

He called her "Mrs. Davidge" instead of "mum," and used her name with every other word. He cheerfully agreed to everything that she proposed, declared himself quite satisfied with her terms, and acquiesced when she stated her desire that he should take up his residence in the house.

"I must have a man on the spot, ye see," she explained. "A lone faymale same as me must have a man about to purtect the place."

"Of course, I see that, Mrs. Davidge," agreed William. He squared his puny shoulders and looked fiercely through his glasses, as though ready for any emergency. "I think you'll find when I'm about the place, Mrs. Davidge, that you won't have much trouble. I'm not a man as would allow no liberties, Mrs. Davidge," he added, sternly.

Sarah, who had been beaming on him, received a distinct shock when, on turning to leave the room, he remarked, casually:

"Of course, you have no objection to my takin' an hour or two off on Sundays, Mrs. Davidge. I'd see an' get my outdoor work done in the mornin's, an' be back before six."

"Ye wouldn't make a pint of goin' out every Sunday?" gasped Sarah.

William, with his hand on the door-handle, responded humbly, "I wouldn't make a pint of it, o' course, Mrs. Davidge, but I'd like my Sunday arternoons."

"Well, I mid want to go out myself," said Mrs. Davidge, with a flash in her blue eyes.

Mr. Silence opened the door a little way and began to squeeze himself through. "I think, Mrs. Davidge, if you've no objection, I must ask for my Sunday arternoons," he repeated, "but I be willin' to stop about the place all the mornin's." He was almost through the door now, but his lean fingers still clutched the handle on the inner side, and, by a sudden spasmodic effort, he turned his head and looked back at her. "Of course, you could easy suit yourself with another handy-man, Mrs. Davidge."

Sarah gazed at the sallow face, with its rabbit-like mouth and meek eyes, and felt nonplussed. Then she remarked, tartly, that she was willin' to give en a trial, anyhow, and that he had better come on the following morning. But she remained puzzled and somewhat depressed during the afternoon. What could a widow-man want with Sunday outing same as if he was a boy-chap bent on courting? "If I thought that!" said Mrs. Davidge, frowning and clenching her plump fists.

The new handy-man proved a real acquisition. Though he was small, he was "sprack," as Mrs. Davidge said, and most knowledgeable with livestock; moreover, his genteel appearance and conversational powers appeared to impress the folks in the taproom, so that, as he had predicted, there was no trouble when he was present. Mrs. Davidge watched him narrowly when he prepared to set out on the Sunday afternoon, but could detect no symptom of gallantry about him. There was no flower in his coat, his hair was not more sleek than on ordinary days, and his manner, as he mounted the ramshackle old bicycle which he had brought with him, did not appear unduly elated.

"Now I wonder what he's up to?" said his mistress to herself. She wondered all the afternoon, and more than ever when on his return, heated and dusty after the speed he had made, she found him silent and depressed. But no hints on her part elicited any information.

On the following Sunday he set off at an earlier hour than before, but returned much in the same condition; and Mrs. Davidge, unable to restrain her curiosity, asked him point-blank how he had spent the afternoon and what was troubling him.

"There, I've just about made up my mind to know," she said, firmly, "so ye mid as well tell straight out."

"I should judge you'll not think so well of me if I do," responded William, hesitatingly.

"Out with it," said Mrs. Davidge.

"Well, then," said William, "I'm a bit of a bird-fancier, if you know what that is, Mrs. Davidge. I do keep canaries down to my cousin's at Chudbury Marshal, and—and—they are crested birds, ye see, and well, there, I don't want to make myself out

no better than I am; but on Sunday arternoons I do generally brush up their little cres'es wi' a toothbrush."

"Ye didn't ought to do that of a Sunday," said Sarah, severely.

"I know I didn't, Mrs. Davidge; but there, ye see, 'tis my only free day."

"Is it your conscience what's troublin' ye, then?" enquired she.

"No, it bain't so much my conscience; 'tis—well, there, ye can't trust folks when ye bain't at hand to see to things. I don't think them vallyable birds is looked after as they did ought to be looked after."

"Oh, if that's all," said Mrs. Davidge, joyfully, "you can bring the birds here, William. I haven't got no objections to birds at all."

"They'll sing your head off very near," said William, and he remained gloomy and anxious, frequently inveighing against the wickedness of folks undertaking what they didn't mean to carry out.

This mood continued throughout the ensuing week, though Mrs. Davidge was kind enough to let William have an hour or two off on the Wednesday to enable him to fetch his birds. When the long cage had been hung up in the loft and Mr. Silence had duly operated with a toothbrush, she was unable to understand why he was not more cheerful. On Sunday she remarked, a little archly, at dinner that she supposed, now the canaries were here, he wouldn't want to go trantin' off to Chudbury.

"You an' me'll have a comfortable tea for once," she added, "an' I could like to see you go to church, William."

"I do go as often as not to Chudbury; there be afternoon service there every other Sunday," said William. And then he stopp'd short, looking confused.

"But you are not goin' trapesin' off there this day?" said Mrs. Davidge, sharply. "I did let ye have an arternoon in the week—mind that."

Silence gazed at her pleadingly through his spectacles. "I don't forget it," he said, hesitatingly; "but there, d'ye see, Mrs. Davidge, my little home did use to be there, an'—well, I've a-got a wold dog what I couldn't find it in my heart to do away with. He be the faithfullest beast as ever followed a man, an'—well, he do look for I to take en out on Sunday."

"He goes to church wi' you, I d'low," remarked Sarah, sarcastically.

"He do lay outside in the lane, Mrs. Davidge," responded William, with dignity.

"Well, you can fetch en back along wi' you to-night if you must go; he'll do for a watchdog," said she, after a moment's reflection; then she added, ironically, "Haven't you got a cat what wants shiftin'?"

"No, Mrs. Davidge," replied William, "no cats. I never had no fancy for cats."

Mrs. Davidge said no more, but while she disposed of her substantial slice of pudding, a project slowly shaped itself in her mind. "I'll find out what my gentleman is up to," she said to herself; "I'll see whether it's him what does the tollerin' or his faithful dog."

Having given William and his bicycle a few minutes' start, therefore, she sallied into the yard, led out and harnessed the astonished old horse and clambered into the trap, which seldom in the memory of man had been taken out on Sunday. It was four o'clock by the time she had reached the little village of Chudbury Marshal and put up the horse at the inn. Hitching up her beaded cape over her plump shoulders, Mrs. Davidge walked in the direction of the church, and had not proceeded very far when she perceived that the congregation was already streaming forth—first the children, helter-skelter, then the elder members of the congregation by twos and threes. Mrs. Davidge, stepping behind the bent trunk of a willow which jutted out from the hedge, watched furtively, and was presently rewarded by the sight of William's well-known figure. He was a little man, as has been said, but as he walked he stooped sideways a long way down, and his gaze appeared to be fixed on something very close to the ground. Surely he could not be leading the dog through the churchyard!

Mrs. Davidge stood on tiptoe and craned her neck. A little hand was clasping William's, a very little hand, and a little face was upturned to his, a sallow little face, apparently all forehead and eyes, such a complete miniature of William's own that Mrs. Davidge could not for a moment doubt the relationship between himself and the small toddling figure beside him. She sank sideways against the hedge.

"Well, I'm blest!" she exclaimed. "There, if the artful chap hasn't got a child what he's been keepin' dark all this time."

Presently, however, she clapped her hands together softly and laughed. After all, the relief of knowing that William had not fallen a victim to the wiles of some rustic charmer counterbalanced her natural indignation at having been taken in.

"If the man had but named it," she said to herself; "I wonder why he should ha' kep' it so secret. He wasn't worryin'

about his canary birds nor his faithful wold dog neither—'twas the child he had on his mind."

William Silence nearly dropped when Mrs. Davidge came out from behind the willow tree and confronted him.

"So there you are, William," she remarked. "I took a fancy to come to church at Chudbury this arternoon, but I'm a bit late, I see. Be that your little maid? Ye didn't chance to mention ye had a family."

William, who had turned a sort of terra-cotta colour, hung his head as he replied that this 'ere was the only little 'un. His wife had died when she was born.

"'Twas a wonder, I'm sure, ye didn't board her out wi' folks nearer us," returned Sarah. "She do look a bit neglected, poor little heart. I shouldn't say she'd had enough to eat of late."

"That's what I'm afeared on," rejoined William, anxiously. "My cousin Martha, she be a terr'ble near woman—just about near."

"Well, I put up Smiler for an hour," resumed Mrs. Davidge, "an' you an' me an' the child 'ull jist have our teas while we be waitin'. The inn up there do seem a nice clean little place."

"'Ees," agreed William, adding, after a moment's hesitation, "I'd ha' asked ye to step in an' have a cup o' tea at my cousin's, Mrs. Davidge, only I'm afraid the accommodation isn't what a lady like you is used to."

"Very likely not," agreed Mrs. Davidge. She twitched off the child's hat and lifted the straggly locks of dark hair so as to obtain a view of the thin little neck.

"Never tell me that child's washed as she did ought to be washed," she cried, "an' her hair bain't properly bru-hed neither."

"I do generally comb it out myself of a Sunday," said William.

They had by this time arrived at the inn, where Mrs. Davidge, having ordered a substantial meal, installed herself in an armchair with the child on her knee.

William stood opposite, unwontedly silent and confused.

"Sit down, William," said Sarah. "I don't bear no malice, though you were a bit deceivin'. Ye didn't ought to ha' said you was a widower without encumbrances when I axed ye."

"Well, the poor little maid can't be called an encumbrance when she don't live nowhere near me," muttered he.

"I shouldn't ha' no objections to her livin' near you," said Mrs. Davidge. "I'm fond o' children. I don't know as I'd mind so very much havin' the little maid runnin' in an' out o' the yard—or the house," she added.

The two year old baby was cuddling up against her capacious bosom, both little hands busy with the wedding-ring on her plump finger.

William seated himself on the edge of a chair and cleared his throat. "Mrs. Davidge," he said, "I meant to tell you about the little one—in time. I mid ha' had my secret 'opes, d'ye see—I mid ha' fancied when you did get used to me it 'ud be easier to name it to you about the child."

"I see," said Mrs. Davidge, thoughtfully.

"Did you chance to notice what was wrote up on the sign-board outside?" queried Mr. Silence, after a pause.

"No," rejoined the widow, faintly.

"This inn be called the Trusty Servant," returned Silence, adding, in an ingratiating tone, "It do just suit our case, don't it?"

The entrance of the landlady carrying a heavily-laden tray prevented Mrs. Davidge from replying, but William could not help noticing that her face fell.

When the woman had retired and the tea had been poured out and Mrs. Davidge was carefully feeding the little one, he returned to the subject.

"'Ees, the Trusty Servant be a very good name, but there's others what's better. The True Lover's Knot, for instance—that's better."

Mrs. Davidge was so much agitated that she paused with a spoon firmly jammed against the little girl's chin, and gazed questioningly at William.

"Mr. Silence," she said, after a moment's pause, "I bain't one as likes talkin' riddles."

"Well," said William, "my meanin' is as a Trusty Servant mid very well be changed into a True Lover."

Mrs. Davidge raised the spoon an inch or so, watched the child dispose of its contents, and replaced it in the saucer before replying.

"It do seem a bit sudden, but I couldn't help fancyin' you had some such notion in your head. I wasn't exactly reckonin' on changin' my state, Mr. Silence."

Her tone and manner were so severe that William was taken aback for a moment.

"Oh, wasn't ye, Mrs. Davidge?" he returned, meekly. "Perhaps I shouldn't ha' spoke, then."

"It 'ud maybe ha' been more becomin' if ye hadn't spoke so soon, Mr. Silence," she admitted; "but there, I can't regret it;

the sooner the poor dear child do have a mother the better for her. If I consent to have you, William, ye must remember 'tis for the dear child's sake."

With a stately air Mrs. Davidge stooped and kissed the little one's cheek, the while William murmured his gratitude in such heartfelt tones that Mrs. Davidge was profoundly touched. She extended her disengaged hand to him, and he fervently pressed it, taking the opportunity, nevertheless, as she again turned to speak to the child, of winking knowingly to himself behind his glasses.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE EARLY CHRYSANTHEMUM.

It may appear, perhaps, that I am giving too great a prominence in these notes to the early Chrysanthemum, the group that flowers from this time until even November outdoors, competing, as it were, with the glory of the varieties in greenhouse and conservatory. But the early Chrysanthemum has been the subject of much attention from the hybridist of recent years, with the gratifying result that the race has undergone a distinct improvement from the time the late Mr. Piercey first tried to instil enthusiasm into the flower-lovers of his day. This race has given a new interest and beauty to the autumn garden. We have long admired the old Cottage Pink, with its abundance of rosy pink reflexed flowers, as if provided by Nature with these to throw off the heavy rains of the late year, and the warm glow of the crimson Jules Lagravere. It is surprising that our forbears did not discover in these two beautiful flowers, which defy the frosts and storms of autumn, the possibilities of a new group of hardy flowers to bear company with the Starworts, Golden Rods, Tritomas, or Kniphofias, and perennial Sunflowers of September and October. I have a small border of the early Chrysanthemum running through a portion of the kitchen garden, and the plants were given this position because here we can gather the flowers for the house without disturbing the borders, which at the time of writing—mid-September—are again showing a glimmer of blue from the Starworts and much yellow from the perennial Sunflowers. Instead of early, I should prefer to call this strong, hardy race the "garden" Chrysanthemum; the name is more suggestive and appropriate. The little village of Busbridge, near Godalming, is almost worth a special visit at the end of October and in November.

It is on the slope of a hill, and the cottages seem to be raised tier upon tier, reminiscent in miniature of some little retreat in Norway or Switzerland. Here the Cottage Pink Chrysanthemum fills the gardens, and one can look up into the sheafs of flowers which are not dimmed by frost or rain. It is this surprising defiance to the weather of late autumn that endears the flowers to those who love brightness in the garden throughout the year; there is a link between the late year and the time when the first Snowdrop opens shyly in the winter sun. The growth of the plant is suitable to beds in the most prominent positions, except in the case of the varieties named, these having graceful shoots which do not err on the side of compactness. It is always wise if possible to study a collection in bloom, and then choice may be made of the varieties most acceptable in colour and in growth. A few of those of which I have experience, all of much charm in their several degrees, are Harvest Home, a flower of warm gold and crimson colouring, the shoots weighed down with bloom, and the plant only 3ft. high; Mme. Marie Masse, the colour of which is best described as lilac-mauve, height 2ft.; George Vermig, rich yellow, 3ft.; Ambroise Thomas, red with a touch of bronze, 3ft. 6in.; Comtesse Foucher de Cariel, orange yellow, 2ft.; Roi des Precoces, crimson, the same height as Ambroise Thomas; Mme. Eulalie Morel, cherry colour, lit up with a golden centre, 2ft.; François Vuillermet, warm rosy lilac, 2ft. 6in.; Mytchett White, not 2ft. in height; Mytchett Beauty, golden yellow, 3ft.;

and Market White, 2ft. These all bloom either in September or October, and several of them are in beauty for some weeks. There is still room for warmer tints, such as chestnut red, deeper bronze and real crimson and scarlets. I have not a shadow of doubt that the skill and patience of the hybridist will, in time, achieve these wished-for results of his labours. With regard to their cultivation, this is of the simplest. I will only briefly refer to it, as neither the striking of cuttings nor planting out is seasonable at present. They are raised from cuttings struck in April in shallow boxes or "thumb" pots and placed in the greenhouse. The usual routine of potting off should be followed, but not until May is it safe to fill the places reserved for the plants in the outdoor garden. No disbudding need take place, as is practised with the Chrysanthemums intended to give prize blooms. An abundance of flowers is alone desired in the garden—masses of colour to reconcile one to the coming winter.

C.

STAKING TREES

OCTOBER gales may now be expected, and a few words of advice on the staking of trees no doubt will be acceptable, especially to those possessed of exposed woodlands and gardens. The first duty to the trees after planting is to stake them firmly, perhaps not every one, but those likely to rock considerably in the wind, as when this occurs it is impossible for the roots to become established in the soil. A sturdy tree, with a well-balanced head and a good

ball of roots, can, unless it is on a hilltop where it has little protection, generally take care of itself, otherwise a firm stake is essential. The stake should be firm and straight, and from our experience one is sufficient to a tree, placing this as close to the stem as may be without chafing the bark or interfering needlessly with the roots. Secure the stake to the tree with wire or tar-string, and between this and the stem there should be a bunch of felt, or, as has been recommended, hose-pipe, to prevent the material used for tying cutting into the bark. During the winter, and particularly the year after, an occasional examination should be made of these fastenings to ascertain their condition and influence on the stem, otherwise considerable mischief may ensue, such as too tight a hold of the stem, and to ascertain whether insect pests are present or otherwise, a necessary examination in the case of fruit trees in particular. One sometimes sees the stakes put in so that they cross the trunk. Nothing could be worse—stem and stakes rub against each other, wounds are caused and the tree is frequently irreparably injured. A satisfactory way of staking, and one much adopted in many public and private gardens, is to use three stakes in the form of a triangle, allowing at the bottom a space of about 3ft. from the stem; this keeps the tree well in position. Another way, and one adopted by the writer, is to use wires only, fixing them to small stakes driven about 3ft. from the stem. The greatest care must be taken to provide a good pad between the wire and the stem,

as there is considerable pressure at this point. When the trees are sufficiently strong to dispense with support, remove the stakes, which are not beautiful, and the ties are a refuge for insects.

WILDENOWIA TERES, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS RESTIO SUBVERTICILLATUS.

Lord Annesley writes from Castletwellan, County Down, as follows on this plant: "Although discovered as far back as 1790, this Rush-like South African plant is seldom or never seen outside botanic gardens, and must be rather a rare plant, or it would be more often met with, being very distinct. It has proved quite hardy at Castletwellan, as some fine specimens in the pleasure grounds have stood out uninjured during the past few years without any protection. The plant is of penulobous habit and very ornamental when covered with its brownish flowers and brilliant green grass-like foliage; specimens are over 6ft. in height."

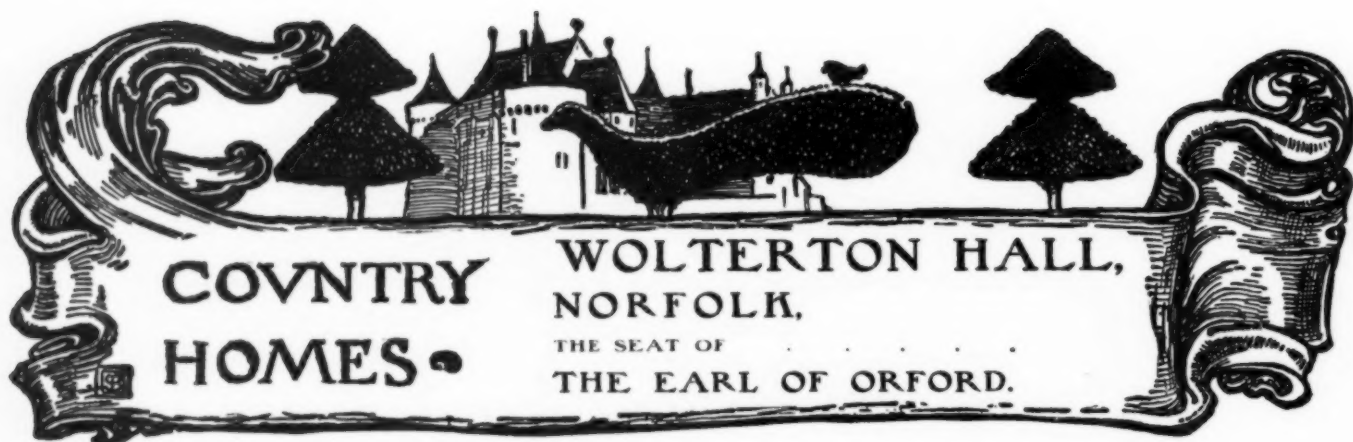
PRETTY AUTUMN-FLOWERING SHRUBS.

At this season when so few hardy shrubs produce flowers, we always welcome those that give us blossoms, and among the best of these are the numerous varieties of the Syrian Hibiscus (*H. syriacus*). These form rather compact and slow-growing shrubs, which delight in warm soil of a rather sandy character; and if a little protection from cold north and east winds and a sunny position can be given them, so much the better. The bell-shaped flowers are very freely produced, and vary in colour from deep blue to pure white. Among the best sorts are celestis, sky-blue; roseus plenus, rose colour with double flowers; albo-plenus, double white; rubis, ruby coloured, single; violacea, deep violet; and purpurea, purple. These shrubs need little attention after they are once established, and a few should be included in every garden where ornamental shrubs are cultivated.

F. W. H.

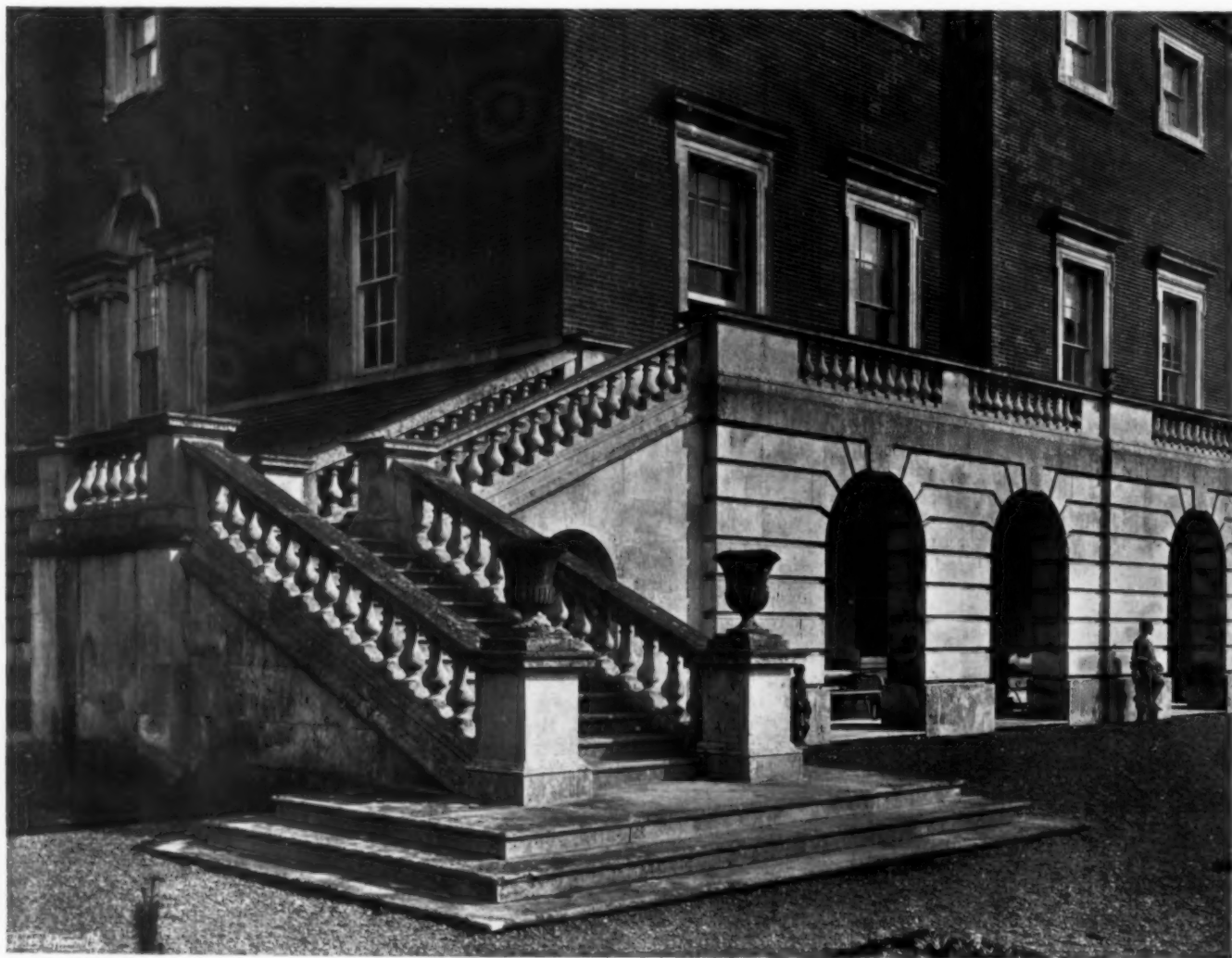


A GOOD SPECIMEN OF THE RARE WILDENOWIA TERES.



THE early history of Wolterton need not delay us long. It is the eighteenth century place of an eighteenth century statesman and diplomatist, and until that time its annals are well-nigh a blank. In Blomefield's "History of Norfolk" it receives curt treatment. It was a manor held by the de Woltertons as early as the twelfth century and until 1401, when it went to heiresses, and so passed to various owners as two manors until both were bought, as was also the adjoining manor of Mannington, by Mr. Horatio Walpole, "who hath built an elegant family seat here at which he generally resides." This description was evidently written about the middle of the century, after the house was complete and before its owner went to the House of Peers. He was generally, at this time, called "Old Horace," to distinguish him from his already well-known and popular nephew, "Young Horace" of Strawberry Hill fame. The purchase by a cadet of the Houghton family of the manors of Wolterton and Mannington is a proof of the strong attachment of the sons of Norfolk to their native soil. There is no need here to go into the history of the Walpoles, for it was sketched last year when a long series of illustrations was given of Houghton. To that manor in north-west

Norfolk they had migrated, certainly as early as the thirteenth century, from Walpole St. Peter in the Fen land. They had flourished, and before the end of the sixteenth century the several branches of the family had large and contiguous estates covering a tract of country of almost fifty square miles. Then the adhesion of the heirs of these estates to the older faith in its newer and highly political garb of Jesuitism led to their downfall, and Houghton only escaped by coming into the possession of a younger brother. He and his descendants to some extent built up again the fallen family fortunes, so that a Sir Robert Walpole, towards the end of the seventeenth century, was able to sit in Parliament, keep open house at Houghton and bring up a family of nineteen. Of these, however, several died early, so that it was the third son who eventually succeeded to Houghton, became the leading statesman of his time, for years held a dictatorship rather than a mere premiership under the first Georges, rebuilt Houghton in a magnificent style and on his fall from power retired to the House of Lords as Earl of Orford. The great Sir Robert and his great house are thus mentioned because Wolterton is, as it were, the lesser offspring of Houghton, and Horatio in every way took his elder brother as his model. Born in 1678, he became a



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STONE GALLERY: SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE SOUTH AND WEST FRONTS.

Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, in 1702 and entered Parliament as member for the family borough of Castle Rising. Although occasionally changing his constituency, he remained a Member of the House of Commons for over half a century, when he exchanged it for the Lords. These were days when a seat in the Commons was quite compatible with occupations which made regular attendance impossible, and for thirty-five years Horatio was very frequently abroad on diplomatic missions. He was Stanhope's secretary in Spain in 1706—the year when it seemed that English arms would place a Hapsburg instead of a Bourbon on its throne. In 1710 he acted under Townshend—already the political ally but not yet the brother-in-law of the elder Walpole—at the unsuccessful peace conferences. With the

advent of George I. to the throne and of the Whigs to power, he obtained an Under-Secretaryship of State, but was out of office with his brother from 1717 to 1721. In the latter year began Sir Robert's long period of political supremacy, and Horatio went forward rapidly in his career. He had employed part of his period of leisure in finding a wife. In 1720 he married Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Peter Lombard, who was a wealthy London merchant of French extraction. With a rich wife and a re-entry into profitable offices of State, Horatio saw himself in a position to launch out as a landed proprietor, and he shortly afterwards purchased his Norfolk manors. At Mannington there was an old moated house of late Gothic type, but we know nothing of what buildings stood at Wolterton at the



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THE WEST DRAWING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

time of Horatio's purchase. If the house was then of the same character, and in the same condition as the church remained to the end of Horatio's days, it can be understood that the new owner was not sorry when, while he was at his ambassadorial post, it was burnt down. St. Margaret's is described at the time as being a little thatched structure, whose south aisle and north chancel vestry were "down." The new building of Houghton begun in 1722, and two years later Horatio commissioned his brother's architect to build him a small and simple edition of it. The original Houghton designs had been furnished by Colin Campbell, but were handed over to Thomas Ripley to alter and carry out. This Yorkshire lad, who had walked up to London to seek his fortune, amply found it—after a period of alternate carpentering and coffee-house

keeping—by becoming a *protégé* of Sir Robert, who pushed him on to be Comptroller of the Board of Works and to have an official residence at Hampton Court. Horace Walpole admits that his designs were heavy and tasteless, but he considers him to have been "skilled in construction and convenient in his plans," while Wolterton he describes as "one of the best houses of its size in England." The patronage of the great Minister made Ripley disliked by the Opposition, and he often comes under Pope's lash, who declares that

Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with his rule.

At Houghton he was little more than a clerk of the works. He had to carry out, though he was allowed to modify, another

architect's elevations, while the interior decorations were under Kent's supervision. But at Wolterton he had *carte blanche*, the more so as it was built at a time when his employer was mostly abroad. Sir Robert was not satisfied with the policy of Sir Luke Schaub, our French Ambassador, and sent his brother to watch. Sir Luke was of Carteret's party, and Carteret was always ready, for the sake of obtaining Royal favour, to support George I.'s Hanoverian policy which might at any time land England in the Continental war which Sir Robert so much dreaded and was

much of the evening of his life, while still coming to London for Parliamentary sessions. As far as the great difference in size admitted, Ripley adopted the same scheme of arrangement at Wolterton as at Houghton. In both cases a State suite of apartments occupies the first floor over an above-ground basement of less important family rooms. The entrance at Wolterton is to the north and is now limited to a modest door at the ground level. Originally, here as at Houghton, the white hall on the first floor was reached by

a wide and lofty flight of steps which admitted to the great portal on ceremonious occasions. At both houses these flights of steps were afterwards removed, but their replacement at Wolterton is now proposed. As in both cases the ground floor entrance was intended for habitual use, the main staircases, occupying a well in the centre of the houses, started from this level. At Houghton the whole is of mahogany; at Wolterton the balusters are of iron rising from stone steps, and the handrail alone is of the wood which was still considered somewhat precious. This staircase does not continue to the top of the house, whose uppermost floor looks down into the well through a set of windows and gives a semi-outdoor appearance to this feature. The delicacy and reserve of the plaster-work—architraves, pediments and cornices—contrast not unfavourably with the florid, if splendid, work which Kent put into Houghton, and show that Ripley at his best was not necessarily "heavy and tasteless." The same character is found in the hall and saloon, which here, as at Houghton, occupy the centre of the house; while three lesser rooms lie west and three east of them, completing the suite. Along the south elevation, whose middle windows, under a projecting pediment, are those of the saloon, a gallery terrace is carried on arches, and has ample descents at each end into the garden, which has recently been laid out. The house is built of a fine, small red brick, with stone dressings for window-cases, roof cornice and parapet. It is simple and severe, but an agreeable specimen of early Georgian architecture, the square block of the house being extended and relieved by lower outbuildings and a stable with a well-shaped cupola. It stands at the end of a stately avenue, and the whole park and surrounding country are very well wooded. The great cedar tree whose trunk appears in one of these illustrations is a sample of the excellence of much of the timber about the grounds. The interior decorations show how



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IN THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

determined to avoid. Sir Luke was soon recalled, and Horatio Walpole became Ambassador at the Court of Versailles and afterwards at the Hague, whence he did not return home till his brother's period of power was drawing to a close. We find him in 1742 defending his brother against the now-triumphant Opposition and going down to Wolterton to burn all compromising papers. The new house had long before been completed, and now became the chosen spot in which the superseded diplomatist spent

thoroughly Ripley was still under the influence of Inigo Jones. He did not possess the master's admirable sense of form and proportion, but he studied his designs and appropriated much of his style with considerable success, just as Kent did at Houghton, at Ramham and at Holkham. The white hall, though not of the size and height of those which were then in vogue in great country houses—such as Oulton and Benningbrough, Ditchley and Wingerworth—is a very complete and successful decorative unit.

There is well-thought-out connection and adaptation of the selected schemes (in which the egg and tongue plays the most prominent part) in chimney and door-frames, plaster-panel and ceiling. In the saloon the decorative work is richer where it occurs — witness the elaboration of the marble mantel-piece and of the doorways — but there are large plain surfaces left on the walls for the exhibition of

not have lent himself to this trick. It is just one of the clever conceits which, with both Ripley and Kent, took the place of true and instinctive taste and was very fashionable in their time, similar examples occurring at Halswell and Cefn Mally. In this room hang portraits of George II. and Caroline by Kneller. Although Horatio Walpole was somewhat brusquely outspoken and always opposed the warlike



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WEST SIDE OF THE WHITE HALL

'COUNTRY LIFE.'

pictures and tapestries. Of a very fine panel of the latter, representing a Dutch fishing scene, a reproduction is given. In the dining-room, Inigo Jones's favourite device of a mask with drapery scrolls is seen in the chimney-piece; but the scrolls are made to disappear into the framework of the structure and reappear at another place. Inigo Jones would

and Hanoverian proclivities of his Royal master, he was ever a favourite with the King and Queen, to both of whom, in his office of Cofferer, he had constant access when at Court. The dining-room occupies the north-west corner and opens out from the white hall. From it the visitor passes into the small central room of the west elevation, which has the

well-proportioned "Venetian" window with pilasters and entablature, which is seen in our picture of the exterior of the house. The room contains the most successfully designed of Ripley's mantel-pieces. Here, too, is a portrait of Cardinal Fleury, a statesman long closely connected with the owner of Wolterton. When Horatio Walpole succeeded Schaub at Paris he at once recognised in Cardinal Fleury the coming man and placed himself on a footing of perfect confidence with him. In December, 1725, when Fleury had retired to Issy and was supposed to be banished from Court, Walpole visited him there, and the Cardinal Minister never forgot this delicate and apparently almost dangerous attention. As a matter of fact, Walpole was acting entirely from his head and not from his heart. He had got secret information of the real circumstances, and rightly judged that Fleury would soon be all-powerful and that his friendship with him would be one of the best guarantees of European peace, which was the basis of the Walpole policy. It was a clever stroke and a strong proof of that sagacity and clear-sightedness which our Ambassador possessed, despite his nephew's poor opinion of him. Throughout "Young" Horace's correspondence with Mann there is a



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SOME FAVOURITE CHINA.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

continued depreciation of "Old" Horace and his family. At first it does not go further than light banter and good-humoured criticism of his uncle's foibles. Like his father, his uncle was careless of his appearance; but, unlike the profuse Sir Robert, Horatio was a careful and thrifty man. This accounts for the allusions in one of Horace's letters to his friend in Florence after



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THE BOUDOIR.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

IN THE SALOON.

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IN THE ROOM WITH THE "VENETIAN" WINDOW.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

a visit to Wolterton in 1742. It is dated from Houghton in the September of that year. "I could not write to you last week for I was at Woolterton and in a course of visits that took up my every moment. . . . You know I am not prejudiced in favour of the country, nor like a place better because it bears turnips well, or because you may gallop over it without meeting a tree; but I really was charmed with Woolterton; it is all wood and water! . . . Their house is more than a good one; if they had not saved eighteenpence in every room it would have been a

fine one." He afterwards put the idea in verse:

What woods, what streams around
the seat!
Was ever mansion so complete?
Here happy Pug and Horace may
(And yet not have a groat to pay),
Two things they must have shunn'd
perform;
I mean, they may be clean and
warm.

Pug was "Mr. Walpole's name of fondness for his wife," and however much young Horace afterwards quarrelled with and abused his uncle (who had attempted a resettlement of the Houghton estates, which would have brought them to his descendants), he never was blind to the excellent qualities which his aunt possessed. Her perfect honesty as to her ancestry delighted him, and he is never tired of telling the tale of her answer to the French Queen's question. Writing to Mann long after his uncle's death, he says: "The Dowager Lady Walpole, you know, was a French stay-maker's daughter.

When ambassadress in France, the Queen expressed surprise at her speaking so good French. Lady Walpole said she was a French woman. 'Vous Française Madame! Et de quelle famille?' 'D'Aucune, Madame,' answered my aunt. Don't you think that *Aucune* sounded greater than Montmorency would have done?" This correspondence is full of amusing anecdotes of his Wolterton relatives. The year after his visit there, and at a time when the political hatred to the Walpoles was still strong, Mr. Walpole quarrelled with Mr. Chetwynd—a high Tory—in the House of Commons. A remark of the



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TAPESTRY IN THE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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ON WALL OF DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

former's led to the latter's retort, "I hope to see you hanged first," whereupon Mr. Walpole immediately seized him by the nose. They went out and fought and Chetwynd was wounded. Coxe, in his "Memoirs," held this as an occasion when Walpole "displayed that personal courage which he possessed in an eminent degree." But his incorrigible nephew burlesques the whole thing, and adds, "Don't you delight in this duel? I expect to see it daubed up by some circuit-painter on the ceiling of the saloon at Wolterton." His uncle's thrift was strongly present in his choice of painters, and Horace refers with contempt to the Wolterton collection, and especially to the work of Astley, who had painted "the whole Pigwigginhood, which I call the progress of riches. There is Pigwiggin in a laced coat and waistcoat. The second son has only the waistcoat trimmed; the third is in a plain suit and the little boy is naked!" Pigwiggin was the son and heir, and the nickname — after a fairy knight in Drayton's "Nymphidia" — was early given to him by his cousin and senior. "Pigwiggin" might well have embroidered clothes, for in 1748 he married a daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, to his father's immense delight, who talks of "my new and great alliance which gives me, indeed, infinite joy and satisfaction." There was a personal element in this satisfaction, for might it not shortly lead to a long-coveted peerage? In 1742, when his brother became Earl of Orford on his resignation, it was reported that Mr. Walpole was to be a peer, and the report is sent on to Anna accompanied by some ill-natured verses:

By none ever trusted yet ever employ'd,
In blunders quite fertile, of merit quite void:
A scold in the senate, abroad a buffoon,
The scorn and the jest of all Courts but his own.

property. But the Earldom of Orford was re-created in 1806 and bestowed on the Wolterton branch, who still enjoy it.



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WEST CORNER: SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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A FINE CEDAR.

Wolterton itself went through evil times during the middle of the nineteenth century and lay derelict for forty years. Though dry rot destroyed some of its woodwork, the splendid quality of the plaster used by the eighteenth century builders saved Ripley's walls and ceilings from injury. The original decorations are as sound and as fresh as ever, and the recent return of the fourth Earl of Orford of the last creation to his great-great-grandfather's renovated and refurnished house ensures its future as a home that combines dignity and comfort, splendour and homeliness to an unusual degree. T.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

GALES AND BIRD-LIFE.

THE furious hurricane which ushered in September 1st had some very curious effects on bird-life that day in the South of England. I was on my way to partridge-shooting, and it was almost pathetic to watch the demeanour of many species of common wild birds under the fury of the wind, which in Sussex swept over the country at the rate of seventy to eighty miles an hour. They were blown clean out of the hedges, and were so battered, harried and perplexed that they seemed scarcely to know what to do with themselves. Very seldom indeed have I seen birds rendered so utterly helpless. The shore-birds seem to have suffered in like manner. A shooting friend, who was proceeding to the same farm on the same morning, saw, running along the road in front of him, at a distance of eight or nine miles from the sea, several ring-plover, which had undoubtedly been blown inland from the shore-line. Neither of us has ever heard of a ring-plover in this part of the country before, and the force of the storm, thus to have compelled these little waders to desert their natural haunts, must have been very great.

DEMEANOUR OF OTHER BIRDS.

On such a morning partridges were, of course, difficult to find, and those encountered were far more wild than is usual in this locality on the first day of shooting. Many of them were sheltering in hedgerows and other close places. The bag on such a wild morning was, naturally, a small one. Hares and rabbits, curiously enough, seemed to be little affected by the fierce gale; they were found lying out, as usual, in grass and other places, and we secured a fair number of them. Green plover were much more troubled by the storm than is usually the case with these birds, and seemed considerably buffeted and bewildered for such good flyers and normally cool-headed creatures. Several times they presented shots which at this time of the year are seldom offered by these wily and gun-shy birds. Turtle-doves also, of which we saw many, were greatly troubled by the hurricane.

A SWALLOW INCIDENT.

On the same morning, in this raging gale, a curious incident happened to a friend of mine who was shooting in another part of the county some six miles away. He and his shooting companions were sheltering from the storm in a shed. Presently a swallow flew in exhausted, settled on my friend's chest and actually crawled for shelter under his coat! After a little while he took the bird in his hand, and put it in a safe place on the timbering of the shed under the eaves. Possibly this may have been a young bird of the year, not quite at its fullest flying power; but, in any case, the incident seems to me to be worth recording. I can scarcely remember a day of storm when birds of all kinds were so much beaten about and perturbed as on September 1st, 1908.

MIGRATORY BIRDS.

The force of the gale seemed to have served as a clear warning to many of our summer birds that autumn storms were in sight and that the days of their departure for a warmer climate were near at hand. On September 2nd I noticed that the tamarisk and other bushes along the front of a

well-known East Sussex watering-place were full of various kinds of warblers, including garden warblers, whitethroats, chiff-chaffs, wood-wrens and other species. Some of these may have been already on the wing, on their Southern migration, and have been blown to land again by the storm of the previous day; but, from the demeanour of the birds, I am inclined to think that the majority of them had quite recently moved to the coast and were preparing for their departure within the next day or two. As I write, during the early part of this third week of September, numbers of our charming warblers are moving to the coast and are to be seen in nearly every garden—in town and country—within three or four miles of the sea. When one looks at the tiniest of these birds it seems incredible that such fragile little creatures should dare to brave the passage of the sea each spring and autumn. Here they have to cross some forty or fifty miles of salt water, in a direct line; yet the little creatures are quite cheerfully preparing for the flight, and as they flit from bush to bush and from branch to branch, picking up the minute insects on which they live, they seem perfectly undismayed. For one thing, they have no luggage and other encumbrances and sources of worry. Their children are grown up and can fend for themselves; all they wait for is a fair wind that shall not hustle them too much.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

SUSSEX CORMORANTS.

A pair at least of cormorants bred on one of the East Sussex cliffs this spring and brought off their young. Common cormorants breed, of course, freely in many other suitable parts of our shore-line; but in Sussex these birds are, nowadays, not very plentiful, and as breeding birds they are distinctly scarce. Mr. A. E. Knox, in his delightful "Ornithological Rambles in Sussex," published some sixty years ago, mentions a small colony "established at Seaford Head during the breeding season." I do not think anything like a breeding colony of these birds exists now in any part of Sussex, or has done for some years; but it is, at all events, a cheering sign to find a pair or two still able to nest and bring off their young on the chalk cliffs of this county. Cormorants are too scarce in Sussex to be anything of a nuisance to fisher-folk, as they are in other parts of England. In Devon, for example, in various localities they have been excepted from the provisions of the Wild Birds' Protection Acts, and a reward of 1s. a head is now paid for these birds as well as shags. In 1901 no less than 170 of them were thus slain for reward on the river Exe. Considering that a cormorant will readily devour from 6lb. to 8lb. of fish during a single day, it is not surprising that where the birds are very numerous the inhabitants should be anxious to protect their rivers from the assaults of such voracious creatures. The toll taken by these birds from sea-fish must be enormous. Intense, ravenous and insatiable hunger seems to be a characteristic of the cormorant. Its digestion is extraordinarily rapid, and its appetite, therefore, always preternaturally sharp. Montagu, a great authority on birds, observed this species very closely. He noted in a captive specimen that to a gull with a piece of fish it would instantly give chase, being simply actuated by a craving to possess the fish; but that if the gull had time to swallow the fish no resentment was shown. "Apparently the sight of the fish created a desire of possession, which ceased when it had disappeared." "As greedy as a cormorant" is one of the very truest of all Old English sayings. But the bird cannot help himself; his appetite is insatiable. Nature, in this respect, has not dealt quite fairly by its offspring.

A HEAVY OTTER.

A week or two since, the Bucks Otter-hounds, while hunting the Upper Cherwell, in the neighbourhood of Trafford Bridge, Northants, killed, after an extraordinary and prolonged chase of seven hours, a huge otter of 34lb. There seems to be no doubt about the weight; the officials of the Bucks pack are competent and careful witnesses, well used to the scaling of many otters—for these hounds are well hunted and very successful. A 34lb. otter is, for our British species, a very large one indeed, and this weight has never, that I am aware of, been exceeded in a kill with a pack of hounds. A 26lb. or 27lb. otter is, as those who are familiar with this animal well know, a very big one, and anything over 30lb. is very unusual. The same pack killed, three seasons ago, near Earls Barton, in the same county, a big dog otter, whose weight—27½lb. with an empty stomach—was thought at the time to be very remarkable. Bell, in his "British Quadrupeds," gives the average weight of a dog otter at from 20lb. to 24lb. and that of a bitch at from 16lb. to 20lb. Daniel, an old but careful authority on field sports, mentions an otter killed on the river Lea in 1794, between Ware and Hertford, which weighed "upwards of 40lb." In those days, however, country-folk were rather loose in their observations, and it may be doubted whether this record is correct. Mr. L. C. R. Cameron, author of a recent book on "Otters and Otter-hunting," mentions a specimen in the possession of the Hon. A. Holland-Hibbert which weighed "32lb. with a dry jacket." And it is curious that he also records an otter, killed by the Essex Otter-hounds in July of last year, which scaled exactly the same weight as the animal lately killed by the Bucks pack, viz., 34lb. Concerning this otter, which was carefully weighed on Salter's scales, the Master of the Essex pack, Mr. L. Rose, remarked, "There are several very big otters on the sea marshes (near Ipswich). This one was lying almost on the sea wall." These two 34lb. otters must, I think, certainly be records among those killed fairly and squarely with a pack of hounds.

A NURSERY OF OTTERS.

The Upper Cherwell, a sleepy but charming stream flowing through rich Northamptonshire scenery, must for centuries have been a very nursery

of otters, quite undisturbed by hounds, keepers or gunners. I remember it well as a boy, long before its echoes were ever disturbed by the baying of otter-hounds. It was an excellent haunt of coarse fish, and many a good pike and perch have I taken there. I used to see occasional "spur" and

other signs of otters in those days; but none of the farmers knew of or believed in the existence of these shy, secretive and nocturnal beasts. The Upper Cherwell, by the way, rises a few miles off Trafford Bridge, in the cellar of an old stone farmhouse at Church Clarendon. H. A. B.

LITERATURE.

FEMININE INSPIRATION.

Femmes Inspiratrices et Poètes Annonciateurs, par Edouard Schuré. (Perrin et Cie., Paris.)

THE recent publication in Leipzig of Wagner's letters to Minna Planer, his first wife, in which he so bitterly upbraids her for having failed to understand the artistic side of his nature, has roused attention once more to that subject of unending interest, the influence of the feminine mind and soul upon masculine genius. In a goodly number of cases, the domestic lives of men who have been great artists have lacked happiness. Goethe derived little or no inspiration from his Christina, of whom, however, he was tenderly fond. To him, as to so many others, such artistic influence of feminine origin as his mind underwent reached it, so to speak, from a by-path. Wagner quarrelled with the jealous and unsympathetic Minna because she declined to tolerate a continuance of his tender relations with Mathilde Wesendonck. Owing to the public scandal thus created, the composer was obliged to separate himself from Mathilde, who was a married woman, and it was not until he met Frau Hans von Bülow, who was, after her divorce, to become Frau Cosima Wagner, that he found anything approaching to domestic peace. Both Cosima Wagner and Mathilde Wesendonck were, each in her own way, to be counted among the *inspiratrices* of Wagner's artistic activity, and in the case of Mathilde, of his genius. This, at any rate, is the opinion of M. Edouard Schuré, whose acquaintance with Wagner was personal and intimate. One other woman, Wilhelmine Schroeder-Devrient, played an important rôle in Wagner's artistic life. According to M. Edouard Schuré, she was for him the ideal singer and actress, his model for gesture and voice. Cosima Liszt, the proud companion of his latter days, proved herself the able organiser of his theatre and the predestined realiser of that great work. Between these two women, a little behind them and a little in the shade, but close to the master, M. Edouard Schuré places Mathilde Wesendonck, the inspirer of mysteries, "the sacred Muse of the soul's depths." He describes this remarkable woman as he saw her on a unique occasion at Bayreuth. She was dressed entirely in black, and appeared to be in mourning. A dark lace veil covered a delicate face, with a gentle and sad look, the brilliant glance of which, however, sharply revealed an extraordinary concentration of sentiment and will-power. The nervous little hands were gloved in black. Her expression, as far as the writer could judge it, for the interview was very brief, revealed a beautiful soul and a big heart, but a soul that had been mute for a long time, and a heart that was sealed like a tomb. "To have created Tristan, I owe to you in all eternity," is what Wagner himself had written to her long after the rupture between them had taken place. The solemn performance which is now taking place at Bayreuth of Wagner's tetralogy gives present interest to the analysis which M. Edouard Schuré makes of the methods adopted by the master's widow, Mme. Cosima Wagner, to complete her late husband's work and to secure for it the best possible interpretation. Three personages, he points out, came forward, each with an indispensable mission for aiding the birth, securing the existence and fulfilling the dream of this man of genius: an apostle, a king and a woman. The apostle was Liszt, the king was the intellectual and æsthetic, but hapless, Louis II. of Bavaria, and the woman was Cosima Liszt. In this case, he remarks ingeniously, the magnetism of genius seems to have created for itself and by a process of selection the vital organs of its action. Mme. Cosima Wagner he describes as one of the most exceptional, the most subtle, the most energetic and most high-bred feminine types of this and the last century. She has the Slavonic suppleness of mind, and to this is wedded a delicate taste for all artistic things, which she has inherited from her mother, the Comtesse d'Agoult, well known in French literature under her pseudonym of Daniel Stern. Comtesse d'Agoult was herself of partial German extraction. Mme. Cosima Wagner is, he thinks, of a sceptical nature, and, like her late husband, a believer in the philosophy of Schopenhauer. She has but a poor opinion of the majority of mortals. He disputes the contention of an eminent conductor, Felix Weingartner, that she shows incapacity in the carrying out of the task that she has undertaken. To see her watching the rehearsals, suggesting to the actors their gestures and poses, regulating the scenic movements, to see her in her drawing-room receiving princesses like a queen, and singers like an artist, proudly smiling upon her guests who have come from every quarter of the world, to observe her long and enigmatic figure in the black dress, that thin and spiritualised face under the white hair, the sharp and dominating profile, with the accentuated outlines inherited from the father, the stately carriage recalling that of Marie Antoinette; to note the gleam of the beryl eye, the haughty and penetrating glance, one feels that one is in the presence of a sovereign in the scientific domain of Art and Life. Without any spontaneity, lacking excessive good nature, she has neither a native grandeur of soul nor an overflowing heart; but she possesses in an eminent degree the grandeur of mind, with the political sense of a Machiavelli or a Bismarck. She has the two most precious qualities for kings and impresarios—constant firmness and the art of *mise en scène*. Knowing what she is aiming at, she disdains rude criticism, never defends herself except by acts which are almost always victories, and only revenges herself by rare, but capital, executions. M. Edouard Schuré complains, however, that Mme. Cosima Wagner pays excessive attention to details of *mise en scène*, thereby tending to destroy the natural subordination of the frame to its picture, and that she prefers artists who are abjectly subservient to her commands to singers with a temperament of their own.

Another *femme inspiratrice*, or woman whose personality has had a determining influence upon the intellectual development of others, whose life M. Edouard Schuré relates in detail, was Margherita Albana Mignaty. His story of this remarkable woman's career is much of a revelation, for outside a narrow circle of the intellectual *élite* in Paris and Florence she was not very well known. Her life-work, however, is a standing disproof of the charge so often made against the modern Greeks that they are incapable of producing an artistic mentality of the first order. Mlle. Albana was born in Corfu, of which island she was a native, but, owing to her uncle being an English general with an important command in India, she made an early acquaintance with Hindoo life and civilisation. Her Indian experiences coloured the whole of her life, and to them she owed her profound knowledge of occult lore which was afterwards to establish for her a unique position among Theosophists. It was upon the eminent Italian historian, Paquale Villari, that her inspiring influence was first exercised. Villari's great work on Savonarola was written, as M. Edouard Schuré says, "in her atmosphere and under her influence." The part which she took in it was most important. Villari had erudition, a passion for work, a power of analysis and of subtle dialectic, together with a taste for general ideas. His friend, Mme. Mignaty, brought to him experience of life and men, a profound knowledge of the literature of three languages, and the precious gift of psychical intuition with that sense of relief and the harmony of *ensembles* which is the Greek quality *par excellence*. She enlarged the historian's horizon, sharpened his outlook, actively aided in the elaboration and the composition of his work, the slow construction of which she followed with a maternal interest. So great was the author's confidence in his guide that he wrote certain chapters as many as ten times over, turning them completely upside down, because they had not attained to the vigour and perfection which his friend demanded of him. Villari did not think proper to dedicate his book to Mme. Mignaty; but he wrote in the copy which he gave her that but for her the work would never have been written. Later on a rupture took place between Villari and his Egeria, owing to the Positivist opinions which the former had adopted. Mme. Mignaty, true to her origin, was a pure Platonist. The author of a work in English entitled "Sketches of the Historical Past of Italy," Mme. Mignaty was also known to English readers as the contributor of a weekly letter from Italy on political and social questions to a London paper. M. Schuré was presented to Mme. Mignaty by Mlle. de Meysenburg, the friend of Alexandre Herzen, Mazzini and Wagner. He was then writing his well-known work, "Drame Musical," which is the history of the poetry of music from the Greek drama to Wagner, and Mme. Mignaty not only took the deepest interest in its progress, but for more than a year, according to its author, she "lived, breathed, and vibrated" exclusively for it. "I have never," he says, "seen such a power as hers for identifying herself with the thought of another, nursing it and assisting it to burst forth. Her action did not exercise itself upon the expression and the form, of which I remained the master, but upon the mother-ideas, the animating sentiments." And he quotes the following lines from his book "Sanctuaire d'Orient": "Margherita Albana seemed to me to represent a complete fusion of the Greek soul with the modern soul." It was towards the end of her life that Mme. Mignaty devoted herself mainly to psychic studies, and in this direction she also exercised a guiding influence upon M. Edouard Schuré, whose work, "Les Grands Initiés," an attempt to "resuscitate the mysteries of Eleusis and to attach them to the Christian revelation," is, we believe, in every occultist's library.

ROWLAND STRONG.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE perennial freshness of Irish humour is exemplified in the *Further Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, by E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross (Longmans). It is a delightful book of sketches thoroughly Irish in character, yet differing very much from "Handy Andy," "Harry Lorrequer" and other standard examples of Hibernian fun. The very opening of the new book by this welcome couple of authors strikes a note that sets the reader laughing. It is as follows:

"5 Turkies and their Mother
5 Ducks and the Drake
5 Hens and the Cock.

CATHERINE O'DONOVAN, Skeagh."

Needless to say, this "leaf from a copy-book" is a bill against the fox for slaughtering fowls, and forms the introduction to a charming sketch called "The Pug-nosed Fox." It contains, as every good Irish story does, the history of a practical joke. The guests at a wedding-party had stitched in up to the chin a tipsy member of their society. "I did not laugh, not at least till I found that I had to drag him out like a mummy, accompanied by half the contents of the bed, and perceived that he was in full evening clothes, and that he was incapable of helping himself because the legs of his trousers were sewn together and his coat-sleeves sewn to his sides; even then I only gave way in painful secrecy behind the mighty calves of his legs as I cut the stitches out. Tomsy Flood walked about fifteen stone and was not in a mood to be trifled with, still less to see the humour of the position. The medical students had done their work with a surgical finish, and by the time that I had restored to Tomsy the use of his legs and arms, the feathers had permeated to every recess of my being and I was sneezing as if I had hay fever." It is a book to defy analysis. The resident

magistrate, as a rule, goes about his business with a perfectly grave face, but with an eye that never loses a ridiculous situation. Most of the sketches are connected with hunting and hounds, but a few of them deal with other subjects. All are marked by the same unfailing high spirits, and through them runs an unending ripple of laughter. But the book is emphatically one to be read rather than reviewed. It were as easy to arrest the foam of the sea and present it to a reader as to analyse and lay before him the secret of the merriment of these authors.

It would be difficult to find anything more stimulating to the imagination than the excavations which have been conducted at Herculaneum, and the results of which are described and figured in *Herculaneum, Past, Present and Future* (Macmillan), by Charles Waldstein. The author, in a preface, says that it is his firm conviction that the practice and art of excavation requires complete reform, and certainly his introduction goes far to justify this belief. Herculaneum itself might very well be taken as a model. Professor Waldstein argues with great force that it yields us more material for realising the life of the past than any other site. The first reason that he gives is to be found in the "conditions of its sepulture during the eruption of 79 A.D. which arrested ancient life as it was. The more sudden and complete the catastrophe during the eruption of 79, the greater the chances of finding the actual life of the past arrested and fixed for posterity to discover; the more complete for the ancient inhabitants the sway of Death during those fateful days, the greater the chances of Life—for the resuscitation of ancient life—for the modern explorer. It almost reminds one of the classical conception of the shafts of Apollo, which struck down the living in full vigour instead of allowing them to waste away in old age or in disease which disfigures and corrupts; thus to be struck down was considered a grace granted by the gods." He goes on to show that whereas other towns have suffered from time, Herculaneum died young and in full vigour, and "its embalmed body was hidden away beyond the hands of all rapacious men." The manner in which it was buried,

too, helped to secure its treasures. It is thus described by Professor Waldstein: "The stream of liquid mud no doubt swept through the streets and open places and carried before it all detachable objects; some fragments of statues were found in the lower portions of the city towards the sea, having been pressed down from their position higher in the town. But where the objects were not thus removed and stood firm, the plastic mass became a kind of matrix, covering and preserving the forms it enveloped. Gradually it penetrated the houses, and in these, gently, without violent breakage, it filled up the interior, preserving the articles of furniture and decoration from undue pressure and from the corroding influence of moisture and chemical disintegration, except for the carbonisation of wood." Some of the discoveries to which he refers raise a very vivid picture in the mind's eye of life as it was in those ancient habitations of culture. For example, what could more vividly picture the life of a student recluse than this: "Here, in one villa, about 800 manuscripts were found together forming the library of one man. Unfortunately, the possessor of this villa was a specialist and not a man of all-round culture; he was a student of ancient thought, in which he specialised in Epicurean philosophy." The result is that a very large proportion of the manuscripts treat of that subject. But all the rich dwellers in Herculaneum were not such specialists; and should we come upon the library of an ordinary lady or gentleman of the age, we may certainly expect to find the classical representatives of ancient thought and literary art. All the great Greek tragedians or writers of comedy (including Menander) may be there waiting for us in their completeness. It makes us think of a passage in Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of Belief," in which he pictures the world when it shall have "waxed old as doth a garment," and Milton and Homer and all the great men who lived before and after have become as dust and ashes. Professor Waldstein's record of excavations that have taken place is a book that will at the same time delight scholars and afford much interesting reading to even those who are not specialists.

ON THE GREEN.

EDITED BY HORACE HUTCHINSON.

A ROOK AND A GOLF BALL.

THERE seem to be some people who are born to a life full of interesting occurrences. They see all the ghosts and are in all the railway accidents. I belong to the other category, those to whom nothing dramatic happens. I never do a hole in one, or kill a bird with a ball. However, last week I was within sight of a golfing portent of the kind. I was playing in advance of a match in which were taking part Mr. W. Greig, the St. Andrews player who has made a good appearance once or twice in the amateur championship, Mr. Fred Mackenzie, who used to play as an amateur, went to America as a professional, is back again and not professionally employed, and two others, whom I did not know. At the thirteenth hole a rook picked up Mr. Greig's ball as it was still in motion, and, with evident appreciation of the points of the game (such as a St. Andrews rook should have), carried it along and dropped it near the hole. It would be a better story still if we could say dropped it in, but the truth must not be sacrificed to embellish a sufficiently bright tale. Even so, I did not see this, though I might have seen it, but merely tell it as told to me. Incidentally, it may be said that Mr. Mackenzie went round in this match in the splendid score of 69, so the rook evidently knew which side wanted help.

THE RULE OF THE CASE.

The winners' side (were they perhaps a little disposed to generosity because they were doing so well and "had a bit in

hand"?) acquiesced in the ball's being allowed to remain where the rook had dropped it, on the argument that the ball was "in motion" when picked up. Had it been "at rest" it would clearly have, by rule, to be replaced at the spot whence it was moved.

There is a reading of the new rules which might alter this, for the case would presumably fall under the category of a ball lodging in a moving object. Thus, if a dog picks up a moving ball the ball may be said to lodge in the moving dog, or, as in this instance, in the moving rook. If the St. Andrews rooks, however, take to these ball-stealing ways (no doubt the black rascal thought the ball was an egg) we shall be obliged to go out with guns, to shoot them, which would make the course more dangerous than ever, though, perhaps, not much.

PRESS GOLFING SOCIETY'S COMPETITION.

The London Press Golfing Society held an eighteen-hole stroke competition on the West Middlesex Golf Club's course at Southall on Monday, September 28th, for a silver rose-bowl, designed by Elkington and Co., and presented by Mr. Robert Donald, editor of the *Daily Chronicle*. The bowl, which was a remarkably fine example of the silversmith's art, was won by Mr. Gilbert L. Jessop, with a score of 74-3=71. His short game was almost phenomenal, for, to use his own words, he "never got a drive in." His putting was excellent. Another famous county cricketer, Mr. G. W. Beldam, made the second best gross score, viz., 77.



CAPTAIN C. K. HUTCHISON.

THE LINE OF THE OPPONENT'S PUTT.

A very good golfer has pointed out to me, but too late for me to take any action about it, even if I wished to do so, so far as the present draft of the rules is concerned, that in spite of all our taking thought we still have no rule to touch the question of treading on the line of the opponent's putt. We have rules all right for telling us what we are to do, or what not to do, about the line of our own putt, but as to our opponent's—no. We are left to the guidance of custom, which is that we shall carefully step over, or round, that line, shall refrain from touching it. And if our custom guides us thus, as no doubt it does, rightly, then why do we need a rule? Unfortunately the custom is not always to be so careful. There is still no definite rule or even custom to show how the caddie shall stand at the hole, and it is possible, on sloppy ground, or the caddie of the Artful Dodger type to stand so that the indentation of his foot, while he indicates the hole to his master, shall create a ridge running obliquely to the line of the opponent's putt, so that it becomes extremely improbable that the latter will hole his ball. This is not quite as it should be, and it adds a strong argument the more in favour of making the rule definite, that the man who is showing the hole shall not stand or walk nearer it than, say, 2ft., in so doing. It matters comparatively little what is done to the line of a putt at 2ft. from the hole, because the ball is, or should be, then going with a strength which enables it to defy the influence of any very slight and short inequality. It is another story when it has slowed down to the pace proper for it within 2in. of the hole, where the caddie's boot may weigh heavily on its line if he stands right up to the hole. However, it is now a maxim of etiquette that a man shall not have his caddie stand near the hole so as to injure the ground about it, and with the man of honest intentions that ought to meet the difficulty.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "STYMIE"

We have heard it said and seen it written that the golfer, as a rule, is a man of little education or classical learning; but what shall we say of him who has written to a grave and reverend Scottish paper regarding the etymology of the term "stymie," and given the suggestion that it is derived from "the Greek word 'histemi,' I stand, meaning I stand between or obstruct"? It is, perhaps, better for me, at my distance from the Greats schools, to follow the prudent example of this correspondent of the Scottish paper and write the Greek word *Anglice*, without running the risks of all the bunkers of accent and so on. The editor of the Scottish paper inserts the letter without comment; but had he not his tongue in his cheek the while, for does he not know full well that Jamieson's Dictionary of his native language gives "stymie" as meaning "the least bit of a thing"?—I am only making the statement from memory, and that a very defective one, for I have not the book by me—so that in the golfing use it has to be taken as meaning that the player has only the last little bit of the hole to aim at. The classical derivation is much more attractive; I wish we could put faith in it. But if this or any other man could find out for us how "dormy" came to have its meaning, we should thank him. It is, of course, to be admitted that the fact that Jamieson gives the sense of "stymie" as he does is no essential bar to its ultimate derivation from "histemi"; but I think the chain of proof needs a little tighter riveting than has been given it yet.

CAPTAIN C. K. HUTCHISON.

A year or two ago Captain Hutchison developed a habit, which ought to have made him unpopular (and it is a tribute to his personality that it did not), of winning every scoring competition for which he entered. Some of his friends call him, by way of the nickname which no celebrity escapes, "the pro.," and there is something of the professional unerringness in the way in which he pursues the even tenor of his rounds—always straight, never seeming to do very splendid things, but never committing atrocities. He is said to be stronger, as Mr. Hilton used to be, in score than in match play, and certainly in the big match play tournaments he has failed to make the mark that he should. His style is a fine, easy one, with all its force put in at the right moment; that is to say, the last moment, and probably there is a deal more force in it



MR. CRAUFUIRD HUTCHISON.

than appears, for Captain Hutchison is a fine athlete in the gymnasium and a good cricketer as well as golfer, while the distance that his ball goes indicates that there is more propelling power behind it than one would think from the little effort that he seems to apply. He ought to do bigger things than he has yet accomplished.

MR. CRAUFUIRD HUTCHISON.

Mr. Craufurd Hutchison's address to the ball looks as if it ought to terrify it a great deal more than the quiet way with the ball of his brother; but the final impression is not quite so telling, after all. He is not so compact in his swing, though it is only a short one, and does not stand so firmly on his legs. Very unfortunately, until quite lately, he has not had a sound pair of legs to stand on, a weak knee persistently bothering him. But he has this mended now, and his game shows the difference. He has a good, cheerful courage and humour, which make him a fine partner in a foursome and one worth many strokes, while he has a keen judgment in the making of a match, which is worth more. Both these good golfing brothers are sons of a good golfing father, who can play good golf still, Mr. J. R. Hutchison. He came rather near winning one of the big tournaments at Pau last winter. H. G. H.

THE "NEWS OF THE WORLD" PROFESSIONAL TOURNAMENT.

The list of those professional players who are qualified to play in the tournament at Richmond next week is now complete. There is little doubt that among professional golfers this tournament is considered to be second only in importance to the open championship. To the majority of spectators it is probably more interesting. Without doubt we shall see a wonderful exhibition of golf. Mid-Surrey is a links peculiarly suited to the machine-like play of professional players; they revel in a course which is flat and fair and where every approach demands the same type of shot. Bumps and hollows are not usually to their liking; they have to think when they see such monstrosities on a links, and that is always liable to spoil the even tenor of their way. We should much like to see one of the younger school of professionals prove successful in this tournament. We can hardly expect our wishes to be gratified. Duncan, the most promising young player, sent in his name too late for the qualifying competition in that section to which he belongs, and so, unfortunately, will not be seen at Richmond. It is a thousand pities, as Duncan's dashing style is better suited to match than it is to medal play. Tom Ball, who did so remarkably well in the open championship, should go far, but his experience of big matches is very slight; and there are others, such as E. Ray and Sherlock of Oxford, who are likely to do well. Of the old school, Braid has already won this tournament three times in the five years it has been played; Taylor is playing on his own links, where he won in 1904; Massy is playing in the tournament for the first time; and Vardon, strange to say, has never won it; but both he and Massy have been in wonderful form of late. So, presumably, victory will once more rest with one of the old brigade.

A LAST WORD ON THE NEW RULES.

One word more concerning the new rules governing the game. Let us assume that the rules as revised by the committee, to whose care this tender and important task has been entrusted, are excellent in that they are the best attempt that has as yet been made to demonstrate clearly what is to be done and what penalty is incurred under certain given circumstances. But are not the Rules of Golf Committee attempting the impossible? Is not the present code of rules in consequence a little complex? It appears to me, for example, that it would have been better to have laid down one simple and universal rule as regards the playing of the ball in match play, viz., that we should have no lifting or dropping of the ball behind any hazard, but that *the ball should be played where it lies*. A simple rule of this kind is, after all, in absolute accordance with the true spirit of the game. Its adoption would simply mean that on links where there are unplayable hazards, or where a ball may be criven into "out of bounds" territory, local rules can, and in certain cases must be, made. Its adoption, for example, might mean that to cover the case of a ball lying in the burn at St. Andrews, the

Royal and Ancient Club would have either to make a local rule or else insist on all golfers playing the ball where it lies, however deep the water be. We should, moreover, be free from the incessant criticisms as to whether the new rule regarding "out of bounds" is a fair one or not. If Iylace could have her local rule, St. Andrews perhaps would have no local rule—thus he who went "out of bounds" off the first tee at Hylake could still, as before, drop another ball on the tee with the loss of distance only, if the Hoylake authorities desire such a rule; while at St. Andrews a shot into the station-master's garden would mean absolute loss of hole, if there were no local rule. Unplayable hazards and a joining land which is "out of bounds," and to which it is quite possible to drive a ball, are blemishes on a links; and the rule governing the playing of a ball in match play should surely be made for those links where such blemishes do not occur. On links where such blemishes do exist to any appreciable extent, the committee of the club can make the necessary local rule or rules; but blessed is that club which can write up in letters of gold over its front door the magic words: "There are no local rules." He who is a member of such a club can be proud of its links, for he will know that in match play the ball probably can, and certainly must, be always played where it lies.

F. H. M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN AMATEUR INTERNATIONAL MATCH AT ST. ANDREWS?

SIR,—The last of three big competitions at St. Andrews has now been played. There was the Calcutta Cup at the beginning of August, the Jubilee Vase at the beginning of September, and last Wednesday the autumn medal of the club was decided. In short, the St. Andrews season may be said to be over except for those few happy individuals who can afford the time to stay on during October and play on a course which is less crowded and so affords more enjoyable golf. The crowd has, we understand, been as large as ever this year. After all, that is not to be wondered at. St. Andrews is the centre of golfing, and, being such, it is felt by some that the Royal and Ancient Club misses an opportunity: for just as we go to Lord's at the end of June or beginning of July to see a Gentlemen v. Players match at cricket, so it is felt by some that when they go to St. Andrews in August or September they ought to be able to be spectators of one of the greatest golf matches of the year—some golfing event of more importance than the three competitions referred to above. It has been suggested in some quarters that a Gentlemen v. Players match at golf should take place every year. It would certainly be interesting to watch say, four of the best amateurs playing four of the best professional players on level terms. We should be able to form a better judgment as to the superiority of the professionals in match play. But the difficulty of arranging such matters as regards the professionals is great; the club would be out of pocket in respect to their expenses, since gate money at St. Andrews is impossible and in any case undesirable at golf. But though there are difficulties in the way of arranging such a match, there does not seem to be any adequate reason why an amateur International match between England and Scotland should not

take place at St. Andrews every August. If this were possible, the present method, by which the match is played, might well be abandoned and some other method adopted. At present this match is as unsatisfactory as a match of such importance can be; at least, that is the writer's opinion. In a game like golf, where so many amateurs are practically equal, it is well-nigh impossible to choose the nine best amateur golfers of the day who are to represent England against Scotland. There is no difficulty, as a rule, about the selection of three or four players; but the selection of the other five or six, when there are fully fifteen to twenty golfers, all of whom have strong claims to be chosen, is, to say the least of it, a most thankless and unenviable task. The last three amateur championships are good instances of this. In each of these years the International match was played just before the championship. Yet in the anti-final rounds of each of these three championships, Mr. Robb in 1906, Mr. Ball in 1907 and Mr. Graham this year were the only representatives of the eighteen golfers who had taken part each year in the previous International match. It is true that Messrs. Robb and Ball won the championship in 1906 and 1907 respectively; but the match in the final round of this year's championship was between two players who had never played in an International match. No blame attaches to the Selection Committee. Their task is a hopeless one, and they are bound from the nature of things to arouse some grumbling and much harsh criticism in certain quarters. Nor is the actual keenness to play in the match as great as it should be. In modern play a certain character, in speaking of society, says, "To be in it is merely a bore. To be out of it simply a tragedy." A single match of thirty-six holes against a strong opponent—a match which must mean a great strain on some players—is not an ideal experience for a man who wishes to do well in the amateur championship that takes place immediately after. Not to be selected to play is, of course, a tragedy, but to take part in it may also seem somewhat of a bore owing to the time when the match is played. Ought not, therefore, the match to be abandoned in its present form? And if so, cannot a match of a somewhat similar character be arranged to take place every year at St. Andrews? If such could be arranged, let us not see nine golfers from each country each play a match of thirty-six holes—let the match be played on a new basis. Let there be an International foursome between two representatives from each country, or, if it is thought by some—and it must be regretfully admitted there are some—that too much prominence is thereby given to foursome play, let each of the two representatives play two single matches on the first day and let the second day be devoted to a foursome of thirty-six holes. But the foursome might well be introduced into amateur International golf; it has been too long excluded. The Selection Committee's task in a match of such a nature would, of course, be considerably lightened, while the match itself should not interfere, to any appreciable extent, with the congested condition of the St. Andrews links during the month of August, and would help to remind those who are liable to forgetfulness that St. Andrews is the headquarters of golf, and is consequently worthy of having a match of such a nature played on her links every year.—F. H. MITCHELL.

SEASIDE PICTURES.

WHEN starting our photographic competition for seaside pictures we scarcely suspected that it would turn out as popular as has been the case. Yet a little thought might have suggested that this would indeed be so, for on the shore in summer there are many elements out of which

beautiful pictures may be made. There is first the sea, sometimes called unchanging, though the artist is more likely to use the epithet ever-changing. Its aspect, indeed, responds in sympathy to every mood of Nature. Its ripples smile back to the shining sun. Should gloomy clouds obscure the blue sky, darkness and trouble also begin to



Clarence Pouting

FIRST PRIZE.

brood over the deep. Every alteration in the wind has its counterpart in the water, and the soft land breeze that so often blows in summer-time it answers with crisp curling ripples that seem almost to sing in a low sweet voice an old-world tune as they curl and fall on the sand. If the breathing from the south-west is exchanged for some sterner, chillier winds that blow out of the east or north, then the sea, too, lashes itself into fury, its gentle murmur turns to a roar, and the tiny wavelets grow until they are huge and mighty avalanches of water dashing in rage against the shore. These are the great and unstable changes of the sea; but whoever has lived by its side for a long time knows very well a million others, each exquisitely beautiful, but needing closer study. The shifting shades and colours of a summer day produce a million fleeting and delightful effects. Thus the sea is perhaps the most interesting of all the objects that meet the human eye. But there is another kind of beauty to which the attention of the photographer was directed. This lies in the slim outlines and graceful figures of children. It has been said that extreme youth is always beautiful: the woodland fawn, the leveret scampering over the lea, the calf and the foal gambolling on the farmland—all these possess attractions for the eye, and yet no one of them so much so as a pretty child. It may be that intelligence makes the difference, or that the thousand generations of mind-training that have been given to man eventually produce this effect; but whatever be the explanation, the fact remains the same. Great painters from the earliest times have recognised this. In the old religious paintings produced so plentifully in Italy, the child is nearly always depicted in a manner that showed the artist as loving this portion of his work. Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many of the greatest English artists who lived before and after him, lavished the resources of their craft upon producing portraits of children. Thus the photographer had abundant opportunity for showing his skill. In our day he, too, has become an artist. It can no longer be urged as a reproach against him that his is a mechanical art. When



Clarence Ponting.

SECOND PRIZE.

photographer stand on the same footing. It is just as essential to the one as to the other that what is to be

photography was in its infancy, this was to a considerable extent true; but the photographer in those days had very little more conception of taking a picture than that of placing his camera in front of an object and opening the shutter. To-day he knows that the first essential of a fine picture is to see it. No man can, either by means of the brush or the camera, produce a fine work of art until he has, either with his physical eye or his mental vision, beheld what he wishes to represent on canvas or paper. Thus, at the beginning, at any rate, painter and

depicted should be seen. After that we simply come to a mode of expression; the painter with his palette, his brush and his canvas tries to body forth his idea in appropriate form and colour, the photographer does the same thing with his photographic appliances. It may be that he is hedged round by limitations which do not apply to the other, but even these limitations have the advantage that they are based on truth. The curve of a figure, the shape of a limb, the smile on a face, when once taken, are in a sense imperishable. This may seem to be going a long way round about to explain a very simple matter, namely, that many hundreds of people during the last eight weeks or so have found an agreeable and absorbing pastime in the endeavour to find pictures on the sands of children. They are to be highly congratulated on the results. Anyone who had to perform the duty, fifteen or twenty years ago, of going through the entries in a similar competition, and who could compare the efforts made then with the pictures submitted to-day, would have been startled and amazed at the vast progress which was to be made during the interval. It has certainly become in the meantime much more difficult to achieve the distinction of winning a prize. The new possibilities opened out by photography have attracted to it many of the ablest and most talented young men and young women of the present day—people who would never have troubled to purchase a camera as long as they considered the art to be a mechanical one. But the pictures we have



E. B. Winn.

THIRD PRIZE

selected are sufficient in themselves to show how much cultivation has been brought into the art of taking photographs. They are, it is true, in plain black and white, but if they had been in colour the subject and treatment would have been good enough to adorn the walls of Burlington House.

And be it remembered we were not guilty of anything so foolish as that of hoping to attract the greatest and most serious artists in photography—those whose splendid pictures adorn our pages. The participants

in our scheme were to be for the most part amateurs, to whom photography is a pleasant hobby for their spare hours, and the whole idea of it was rather to give them an object for their amusement than to draw forth masterpieces of photography. There are in England a number of photographers, of whom the late Mr. Horsley Hinton was a brilliant example, with whom work with the camera is the passion of a lifetime. Their achievements on exhibition or in reproduction command the attention of all who are interested in art; they are, indeed, the pioneers in their own calling. But following in their footsteps, at a greater or lesser distance behind, come a great crowd of intelligent amateurs, to whom the art of photography is the pleasantest of hobbies. From them we expected and received a very full measure of support. The pictures they sent in are a testimony beyond question to the very great pleasure they found in the pleasing rivalry originated in these pages. And it is in their work that the progress of photography can best be studied. It is bound to be that the vast majority of them are not so expert as the masters of the craft; but, by studying the exquisite work found in our exhibition rooms and elsewhere, they have, it seems to us, formed standards and ideals very far in advance of those which their ancestors entertained a generation ago, and, no doubt, when another quarter of a century has passed and brought with it the

changes and improvements that are now anticipated, this great body will have made still more important steps forward. It may never overtake the vanguard; but for all that its advance is a true measure of the progress that has been achieved. And there could be no more instructive and innocent pastime. It has the great merit of taking the practitioner out into the open air and inducing him to study natural phenomena with a closeness that he would not otherwise bestow upon them.

It is a pleasure to be able to pub-

lish these pictures in our pages. The first prize and the second prize, it will be seen, go to the same competitor, Mr. Clarence Ponting. No doubt there are judges who will consider the photograph to which the second prize is awarded better than

any of the others; but the reason for not giving it the first place lay in the fact that it was not so original in conception and grouping as its most serious rival. The third prize is awarded to Mr. E. B. Winn, and we also publish a selection from



A. Johns.

CHUMS.



C. W. Graham.

WILD PLAYMATES.



P. H. Smith.

PADDLERS.

the work sent in by other competitors. They include Mr. P. H. Smith, Mr. A. Johns and Mr. C. W. Graham. These altogether make what we think our readers will agree with us in calling a very happy series of photographs, a series that render in unmistakable terms the charm and beauty of the seaside what time the children are building their castles on the shore and disporting themselves in the way that children should.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEGLECTED GEM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It has given the committee of this society very great pleasure to see the illustrations which you have recently given of fine domestic buildings reported to be in need of repair, and it highly appreciates the valuable support which you are giving to this society's aims and objects in your journal. The committee hopes you will allow it to inform your readers that, although it uses its utmost persuasion to induce the custodians of public and semi-public buildings to deal with such buildings from the society's point of view, it does not feel justified in taking similar action with regard to buildings in private ownership. At the same time, if you will allow the society to do so, it would like to inform the owners of private buildings which may be historically and artistically valuable that, upon payment of out-of-pocket expenses, the society can, in most cases, cause any such building to be surveyed, and a careful report forwarded to the owner showing how repair can be done in the most effective way at the smallest cost.—THACKERAY TURNER, Secretary, Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, 20, Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.

AN ITALIAN PASTIME.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—At this season of the year, when insect-life is at its zenith, when butterfly and humming-bird moth give one's life an added interest by day and the mosquito renders it unbearable by night, I have noticed the boys in this Italian town engaged in a novel sport. To pursue their game they carry neither gun nor fishing-rod, but a stick about 1½ ft. in length, attached to which is a piece of string perhaps 4 ft. long, just ordinary string such as the grocers in England use to tie up a parcel. At the extreme end of the string there is a small bit of white cotton-wool about the size of a marble. Suddenly the watcher sees an expression of alertness come over the faces of those engaged in the sport; but to his inexperienced eye nothing appears out of the cloudless blue sky. Then the body is bent forward from the waist, and with a slow, circular movement the string is swung round and round above the head. There is an intent, wholly absorbed expression on all faces as though they expected a flight of grouse, when instead the interested and rather mystified watcher sees appear—a dragon-fly. It soars by just out of reach of the bit of cotton-wool, but the youthful sportsmen follow, still swinging the string around, above their heads. I have never actually seen the game brought down, although I have been aroused to something like interest in the chase; but I have seen one boy holding between his lips by means of their wings as many as four dragon flies.—CLARA H. RAIGUEL, Allassio.

MAKING A CEMENT ROOF WATER-TIGHT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Could you or any of your readers help me with advice as to the treatment of a cement flat roof that constantly cracks and lets in the rain? I have recently taken a house, of which the kitchen and offices are all built out, with no rooms over them, and are roofed with a flat cement roof. Although the cracks were cut out and filled in with fresh cement in the spring, there are many of them opening again and letting in the wet. The space is much too large to cover with lead, except at great expense. If you or anyone could advise me from experience as to a satisfactory and not too expensive treatment of this sort of roof, I should be much obliged.—C. H. G.

[The best remedy—probably the only real remedy—is a coating of asphalt, any sort. Try "Faldo's," either with or without canvas backing, which might be advantageous if there are big breaks in the cement which want bridging.—ED.]

TAME SQUIRRELS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I wonder if one of your readers will help me. I have bought a young female squirrel, born this year, and I am anxious to tame it. What is the best way to set about the matter? The man I bought it from told me to put it in my lap and stroke it for about half-an-hour every day. But surely it will frighten it to catch it; and then, too, it would have to be held all the time or it would not stay.—M. M. D.

[The most delightful tame squirrels are those taken when a few days old. A cat will rear them. It is absurd to catch a squirrel and hold it in the lap and stroke it for half-an-hour. The only way to tame it is by very great patience and gentleness during feeding. Do not frighten it on any account, but let it get accustomed to come out and crack its nuts in your presence, and in time it will do so on its table and become as tame, but not so much so as one taken as has been suggested. After a squirrel has once been up a tree it is very difficult to make a satisfactory pet of it.—ED.]

CATS' AGES: A CORRECTION.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In case anyone read the statistics in my letter in your issue of September 26th, may I correct a mistake I made in it? The last words of (3) should be "48 per cent. are men," and the first words of (5) should be "Of the 48 per cent." The error was mine.—G.

BASS ON MANY COASTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Aflalo's exceedingly interesting article on bass-fishing, which appeared in your issue of September 19th, I beg to say that I have just returned from a three weeks' stay in Seaton, Devon, and this morning received from a friend who was with me there a cutting containing this article, which I have read with great interest. I might here mention that I read your excellent paper every week, but unfortunately missed this number. If I read Mr. Aflalo's article rightly he appears to ask for an expression of opinion on bass-fishing from a recent recruit. As I happen to be a recruit of only three seasons (on the wrong side of forty, and one who much regrets that he did not take up sea fishing twenty years sooner), I

venture to give my first experience in this most delightful sport. While in Seaton I tried—and was in company with old and experienced anglers—using the following baits on light tackle. I fished at all hours from shortly after daybreak to dusk, in favourable and unfavourable weather. The float and prawn were used in the pool under the bridge. Flies, white sole-skin with baby spinner, small white eel, and silver and green sole-skin fly were used at the river mouth. A triangular piece of squid and heavy lead were thrown out into the breakers. Medium-sized black and red eels with spinner, small white silvered eel, blue and red wagtail spinners were trailed in a rowing boat; but with all this I did not hook a single fish, though I fished several hours nearly every day of my stay, and I heard the total number of bass killed by other fishermen during the period of my visit were only three and the largest under 3 lb. I can, therefore, heartily endorse what Mr. Aflalo says: "That, even considering the large number of baits that will entice a bass, they are not so easily caught in the sea as they are on paper." But I can safely say that the longer I tried and the more I heard about the sporting character of this fish, the keener I became to hook one. Being a novice, I relied entirely as to the use of the proper baits on the advice of my friends there, who were kind enough to coach me, as well as the local boatman; but I ought to mention that I tried the wagtail spinners in desperation while trailing, against their advice. Doubtless my manner of casting and spinning may have left much to be desired, even for a novice; but I venture to think that in trailing and throwing out ground bait I stood as much chance as anyone else of hooking a fish had they been there. So I came to the conclusion that my chief cause of failure, as well as that of my friends, was lack of fish. The consensus of opinion expressed by the local authorities was that, owing to the heavy gales during the latter part of August, the bass had either gone up to the higher reaches of the river or else out into deep water. "Pollacking" and other deep-sea-fishing was, I am sorry to say, nearly as bad, on account of the foregoing reasons, and the unfortunate boatmen were in the lowest depths of despair. Poor fellows! One felt very sorry for them; they were such a good sort and most willing to help one in every way. I might say that if any of your readers are anxious to try sea-fishing, there is a large fellow, a blue one, off Beer Head, reputed to be 12 ft. to 18 ft. in length, who ought to be worth trying for.—A RECRUIT.

PEARS DECAYING IN THE CENTRE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I would feel very much obliged if you could give me any information on the following subject: I have some trees which produce delicious pears, but very soon after they are taken from the tree they become decayed in the centre, and in a day or two are completely unfit for use. Last year I lost a large quantity in this way, and they are decaying very quickly this year also. Perhaps you or some of your readers could kindly give me some hints on the treatment of the tree or the fruit that would prevent decay.—R. S. L.

[The decaying of pears in the centre, as described by our correspondent, is not due to a disease, but to a chemical change in the substances of which the fruit is composed. It is usually an indication that the pears have been kept too long after gathering. Some varieties are very prone to it, the well-known Jargonelle being one. The only preventative is to use the fruits at an earlier date, as culture has little if anything to do with the trouble.—ED.]

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SWALLOWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On Monday evening, September 21st, I saw the last of the swallow tribe leaving for their Southern home. On previous days they had—house-martins and chimney-swallows—hawked all about for food or gyrated in sport, but now they made continuous procession due South.—H. PENN, Yeovil.

GATE LATCHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest, from a horseman's point of view, your article in COUNTRY LIFE of August 29th on gate latches, and can heartily endorse most of your contributor's remarks. I must, however, take exception to his praise of the latch marked F; this he recommends as entirely satisfactory in every way, but can he say how it is to be opened on horseback without using two hands, which can seldom be spared even on the quietest of horses? I have not yet solved the problem, though there are many such latches in my country, so that I should be very much indebted to him or any of your readers who can tell me how the trick is done.—D. C., Berks.

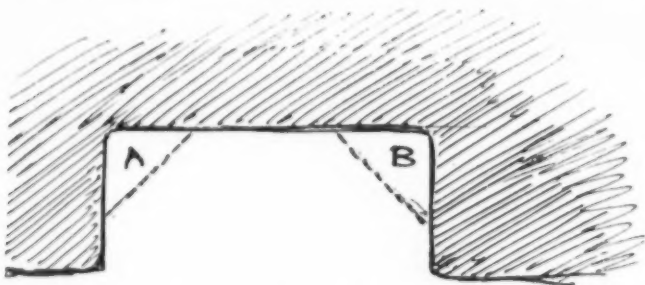
[The writer of the article to which our correspondent refers replies as follows: "My remarks on latch F were, 'that it is strong, is not too complicated and has the advantage that when the gate 'swings to' the latch shuts itself,' and I recommended it for a latch 'to gates leading into arable fields.' I certainly did not intend by these words to 'praise' latch F as 'entirely satisfactory in every way.' In a hunting country I prefer the latches I called A and B, as although latch F is easy to shut, as I mentioned, I agree with your correspondent that it is not so easy to unfasten when on horseback."—ED.]

A FIREPLACE PROBLEM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with great interest the letters you have printed on this subject, and rejoice at the prospect held out by your correspondents of a cure for open-hearth fires which refuse to draw. There are two sorts of smoky chimneys—one kind which will draw furiously at one moment and at another will allow smoke or flame to blow with equal force into the room. The other kind permits part of the smoke to escape into the house, and only takes the rest in a sulky and unwilling manner, when doors and windows are open. The former defect is generally the result of some fault of situation (the house being near a hillside or much taller buildings), and may be associated with either ancient or modern chimneys. It would probably be cured, I think, by the remedy suggested in the letter signed "Charles E. Oliver." But the latter trouble, which is a great drawback to old fireplaces, is another

problem altogether, and in my experience is only made worse by chimney-pots or cowls. The great charm of the fire of logs on the ancient hearth or ingle-nook, such as that shown with Mr. Carmichael Thomas's letter, is so great that so simple a cure for the smoky ones as that he describes seems almost too good to be true. The chief object of their great width was to save the expense and trouble of preparing fuel. Logs of considerable length could be laid on the fire-dogs, and when burnt through the middle the ends were thrown on the fire, thus saving labour and money. At the present day in country districts, cordwood of about 4ft. lengths, as it is generally sold, is cheap fuel to the man who has a big open fireplace on which it can be thrown without further preparation; but cut up to go into a modern grate it is expensive. This is another argument for retaining the open hearth or for digging it out when built up in later times; but it complicates the smoke problem, as most of the remedies involve reducing the opening into the room, and therefore the amount of space for logs. A plan that I have found very successful in curing a smoky fireplace of moderate dimensions is to cut off the two back corners of the hearth (A and B on accompanying sketch) by building them across diagonally (with fire-bricks set on edge) as shown by the dotted lines. Some years ago, having removed a modern grate from the dining-room of an old manor house which I then occupied, I tried to prevent its smoking by placing a large sheet of iron slanting hood-wise up the chimney, and drew it lower and lower in vain efforts to improve the draught. I then tried a patent chimney-pot, which made it decidedly worse. As a change from open windows we cut a trapdoor in one of the door panels, which made the fire draw; but the air that rushed through the hole would have turned a mill and the room was unbearable, so I reluctantly decided to admit air within the hearth itself, which involved cutting through a thick stone wall and taking up the floor to lay pipes. The builders had begun operations, when I determined on one more



experiment, and directed them to set large floor-quarries on edge across the back corners of the hearth, keeping them in place for the time with nails. This effected a magical cure. Hardly any air was drawn into the room and yet the smoke all went up properly. I enclose a photograph which shows the lower front of the iron hood and one side of the diagonal brickwork, which had to be carried high enough to go above the top of the opening of the fireplace; and this seems to be an essential part of the cure.—OLIVER BAKER, Stratford-on-Avon.

THE PLUMAGE BILL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In discussing the Plumage Bill, COUNTRY LIFE expresses the opinion that the traders have a strong case, because the business in which they are engaged is a considerable one and gives employment to over 5,000 workers. That the trade is a lucrative one, no one will deny. The wild-bird life of the world is, undoubtedly, a profitable material to appropriate. But, may I be allowed to point out that the 5,000 workers are not engaged in this fancy-feather business only; they are engaged also on the much larger and more important ostrich-feather industry. If your readers will turn to the evidence given by the trade before the Select Committee (and no stronger evidence on behalf of the Bill could well be supplied) they will learn that 80 per cent. of the fancy feathers imported go out of the country to be made up; the 20 per cent. that remain offer partial and seasonal occupation to girls employed at other times on ostrich feathers and artificial flowers. Nor need your readers be uneasy lest the ostrich feathers will follow the "fancy," for the ostrich-feather industry is mainly a British and Colonial enterprise, whereas the "fancy" is a foreign trade and the profits go into the pockets of foreign firms. The co-operation of the French and German Legislatures is eminently desirable; but the suggestion that Britain should await their verdict before deciding such a question is not a suggestion to commend itself to the British people. To the trade it is, of course, a question of money and interests. Those outside the trade may regard this sickening slaughter of wild life in a somewhat different light. Moreover, if the Bill was not calculated to have a far-reaching effect in protecting the birds and demoralising the whole business, it is pretty certain that the traders would not oppose it so bitterly, and that "English men of business" like Mr. Mosbacher, Messrs. Sciana and Co., Mr. Weiler, Mr. Salaman and Mr. Hanneguy would not be so touchingly anxious as regards "British" trade and "British" interests.—L. GARDINER, Secretary, Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

[We agree in the main with the sentiments of our correspondent. The only question is whether the Bill could possibly effect the object

aimed at without the co-operation of France, Germany and other Continental countries.—ED.]

"THE OLD WHITE HORSE WANTS ZETTIN" TO RIGHTS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Being much interested in your correspondence about the Ullington white horse, I am sending you a photograph of the Westbury one which I took this year when motoring past. Possibly an illustration of what a white



horse can look like will effectually stir admirers into a more practical way of showing their approval of an interesting relic.—M. E. MOREL.

THE CANONISATION OF POPE PIUS IX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A question of great interest and of great importance is being brought forward in Italy at the present moment as to the canonisation of Pope Pius IX. This question of canonising the last Pontiff who owned and exercised temporal power has been mooted before now, and is one that concerns not only lawyers and theologians, but also historians and all students of the period of Italian freedom and unity—the "Risorgimento Nazionale" of the last century. The newspapers are largely occupied with the matter, and the following facts, taken from the *Giornale d'Italia*, one of the best daily Italian papers (and one, too, altogether exempt from clerical bias and prejudice), will, perhaps, interest English readers. The process of canonisation in the Church of Rome is a long and intricate one. Every particular as to the life and doings of the man or woman who is thought worthy of the honour has to be sought out and subjected to the most minute examination. A tribunal is appointed to sit in judgment on the result of these researches, and, piecing together every detail thus brought to light, it has to draw up how each day has been spent, and weigh carefully the evidence as to whether the life is one becoming a saint or not. In order to arrive at all the minutiae relating to Pio Nono's life, no end of public and private archives must be ransacked, and every event, religious, political and otherwise, in which he took a part must be conscientiously investigated from beginning to end. The work must necessarily be a long one, extending very probably over some generations, for many of the documents and archives will not be easy of access, and without a scrupulous examination of them it will be impossible to put together a faithful representation of the Pope and of the events of his pontificate. In the meanwhile everything relating to the youth of Giovanni Mastai Ferretti (for such was his name before his elevation to the Papedom) is being carefully sought out, as well as the years when he filled successively the posts of Bishop of Spoleto and of Imola. The period of his episcopate at Spoleto was from 1827 to 1832, and was largely concerned with political and military matters. That period has been examined and sifted with care and diligence, and the one treating of his life and work as Bishop of Imola (1832 to 1846) is nearing completion. There are, it need scarcely be said, many and diverse opinions as to the character of Pio Nono even among Roman Catholics, some considering him almost a traitor and laying at his door many of the ills which befel the Church; others, again, holding him in the highest esteem and veneration, ascribing every saintly attribute to him and maintaining that many miracles were wrought by him.—A. W.

A GARDEN BEDROOM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some time ago I read an article in your pages on the subject of a "garden-room," to be used as a bedroom in which to sleep in the open air. Following the example of the writer of the article, I had a three-sided shed built in a sheltered part of my garden, and for a year or more have slept in it nightly. Enclosed is a photograph of the shed, which, it will be seen, is quite a rough structure of weather-boarding—merely enough to keep out the wind—and with a deeply overhanging roof to prevent heavy rain from driving in. My health has improved steadily since I used this sleeping-shed. To sleep in a room filled with the purest air, innocent of wall-papers and hangings and with a window as big as one of its walls, is to know ideal repose.—M.

